

The Nation

Vol. CII.—No. 2661

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1916

TEN CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE :

The National Education Association

Special Articles on Educational Topics

By PAUL E. MORE, JOHN MARTIN, ROYAL J. DAVIS,
STANLEY WENT, and H. de W. FULLER

The Shakespearean Celebrations in London

By WILLIAM ARCHER

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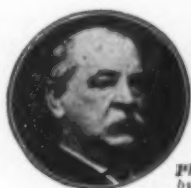
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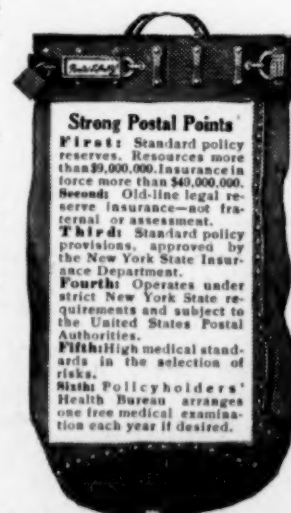
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Four dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada, \$4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, \$5.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

London Office, 16 Regent Street, S. W. Washington Office, Home Life Building, G and 15th St., N. W.

Chicago, 332 South Michigan Avenue. Buenos Aires, Lavalle 341.

HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER, Editor. STANLEY WENT, Assistant Editor. PAUL ELMER MORE, Advisory Editor. WILLIAM G. PRESTON, Advertising Manager. R. B. McCLEAN, Circulation Manager.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

SUMMARY OF THE NEWS.....	683
THE WEEK	684
EDITORIAL ARTICLES:	
Candidates and Politicians	687
Mr. Roosevelt's Funeral Oration	687
What May End the European War.....	688
How Britain Finances the War.....	689
A Great Step in the Progress of Health.....	690
The National Education Association	690
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE:	
Gallieni's Dead March. By Stoddard Dewey.....	691
The Hyphenate in Holland. By A. J. Barnouw.....	692
Birmingham in War Time. By James F. Muirhead.....	693
NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL:	
The Broken Pitchfork	693
THE OLD EDUCATION AND THE NEW. By Paul E. More	694
VOCATIONAL AND OCCUPATIONAL EDUCATION IN NEW YORK CITY. By John Martin.....	696
THE GARY SYSTEM. By H. deW. Fuller.....	698
TENDERS OF THE LAMP. By Stanley Went.....	699
SUPERVISION OF PLAY. By Royal J. Davis.....	700
CORRESPONDENCE	701
BOOK NOTES AND BYWAYS:	
George William Curtis and Theodore Winthrop. By Edridge Colby	706
LITERATURE:	
Ways to Lasting Peace	707
The Red Horizon	708
Narcissus	708
Six Star Ranch	708
The Girl from the Big Horn Country.....	708
Burkessa Amy	709
The Crimson Gardenia and Other Tales of Adventure	709
On Alpine Heights and British Crags.....	709
The Lopez Expeditions to Cuba.....	710
The Life and Romances of Mrs. Eliza Haywood.....	711
Hellenic Civilization	712
NOTES	712
DRAMA:	
The Shakespearean Celebrations in London. By William Archer	715
"Passing Show of 1916"	717
ART:	
Leonardo da Vinci, the Artist and the Man.....	717
FINANCE:	
Financial Markets and Mexico	718
BOOKS OF THE WEEK	718
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1916.

Summary of the News

The gravity of the Mexican situation was enhanced by the attack at Carrizal on June 20 on two troops of United States cavalry. First reports of the engagement came from Mexican sources only, which described the attack as having been provoked by the American troopers. Later accounts from American stragglers who made their way back to their own lines made it appear that Carranzista forces of Gen. Trevino's command had treacherously attacked the two troops under pretence of a parley. It was not until Sunday that an authoritative report of the engagement was received, written by Capt. Morey, commander of one of the troops, while hiding wounded after the action. Even in the light of this dispatch the precise situation is not quite clear, but it appears that Capt. Boyd, the commander of the two troops, who was killed, requested permission to pass through the town of Carrizal, which was refused. A conference with the Carranzista commander was arranged and Capt. Boyd, fearing an ambush, formed his men for attack. At this point the report contains the rather cryptic phrase, "He (Capt. Boyd) was under the impression that the Mexicans would run as soon as we fired." At any rate it was the Mexicans who first opened fire. Thirteen United States troopers were killed and seventeen made prisoners.

So far from disavowing this incident, the de-facto Government, through Señor Arredondo, on Saturday of last week expressly accepted responsibility for it and justified the action of the Carranzista commander. On Sunday Mr. Lansing addressed to the de-facto Government a note, almost amounting to an ultimatum, in which he demanded the immediate release of the prisoners taken in the engagement and "an early statement from your Government as to the course of action it wishes the Government of the United States to understand it has determined upon." Efforts at mediation initiated by the Latin-American republics were abandoned, so far at any rate as the immediate issue is concerned, after a conference on Monday between the Bolivian Minister and Mr. Lansing.

The meeting on Monday of the Progressive National Committee was productive only of the expected. To the meeting Col. Roosevelt sent a long letter declining the nomination, endorsing the candidacy of Mr. Hughes, and urging for him the unstinted support of the erstwhile Progressive party. The Colonel's recommendations were adopted by the Committee by a vote of 32 to 6, nine not voting and three being absent. In Mr. Hughes's telegram to the Committee acknowledging its endorsement the most notable passage was that in which he criticised the Administration for its conduct of the submarine question and expressed himself freely on the subject of the hyphen. "I am profoundly convinced," this passage ran, "that by prompt and decisive action, which existing conditions manifestly called for, the Lusitania tragedy would have been prevented. We strongly denounce the

use of our soil as a basis for alien intrigues, for conspiracies, and the fomenting of disorders in the interest of any foreign nationality, but the responsibility lies at the door of the Administration." Mr. Hughes also addressed a letter of warm thanks for his support to Col. Roosevelt.

It seemed like an echo of the distant past to read that on June 19 a second note had been sent to Austria regarding the attack by an Austrian submarine several months ago on the American tank steamship Petrolite.

Dispatches from London of June 23 contained interesting particulars of recent events in Arabia which are likely to have far-reaching consequences affecting the supremacy of Turkey in the Moslem world. The reports stated that a serious uprising against the Turks was in progress in Arabia, the outcome of the so-called Pan-Arab movement aiming at the abolition of Turkish misrule, that the Grand Sherif of Mecca had proclaimed his independence, and that military operations begun about June 9 had resulted in the surrender of the Turkish garrisons of Mecca, Jeddah, and Taif.

The firm stand of the Allies has been successful in regulating the position of Greece. The Cabinet of M. Skouloudis resigned on June 21 and was succeeded by one under the Premiership of M. Zaimis, the personnel of which was officially announced on June 23. On the same day it was made known that the Greek Government had accepted in their entirety the demands presented by Great Britain, France, and Russia as the Powers guaranteeing the independence of Greece under the Protocol of London. The demands made were: Complete and genuine demobilization of the Greek army; the replacing of the Skouloudis Cabinet by one that would enforce benevolent neutrality; the immediate dissolution of the Chamber, followed by new elections, and the replacement of certain pro-German functionaries who had encouraged insults against the Allied legations. In presenting their demands the Entente Powers emphasized their purpose of maintaining the neutrality of Greece. General elections are to be held on August 7, when it is expected that M. Venizelos will be returned to power, the present Government of M. Zaimis being avowedly only a stop-gap.

The Russian offensive has continued without serious check in Bukowina. With the capture of Kimpolung and Kutu last week, announced in Sunday's official report, the whole of that Crown Land passed under Russian control. Further to the north, in the Volhynian sector, the Russian advance has been held up by desperate counter-attacks by the Germans, who have been heavily reinforced. Despite reports of the transference of large German forces from the western to the eastern front, German attacks at Verdun have redoubled in fury during the past week. The Thiaumont redoubt was stormed on June 22, when German troops penetrated to the village of Fleury. Counter-attacks by the French regained a considerable portion of the ground that had been lost, but from Sunday's and Monday's official announcements it appeared

that the Germans were again in the outskirts of Fleury. On Monday came the first intimation of what may prove to be the beginning of the long-expected British offensive in reports from both London and Berlin of heavy artillery fire along the whole front held by the British. On the Italian front the recent Austrian offensive seems to have been definitely checked; the Italians have assumed the offensive and have made a considerable advance in the Trentino.

Following the seven secret sessions of the French Chamber, recently held, the Government, on June 22, obtained a vote of confidence of 440 to 97.

An important step forward in the settlement of the Irish problem was taken on June 24, when the convention in Belfast of Irish Nationalist delegates from the six counties of Ulster which it is proposed to exclude from the new Irish Parliament voted by a substantial majority to accept Mr. Lloyd George's proposals as a basis for a provisional settlement of the Irish question. Mr. Redmond threw the whole weight of his influence on the side of acceptance, and he was supported by Mr. Devlin and Mr. Dillon. Reports spread in this country last week of a renewed uprising in Ireland have been emphatically denied. Mr. Asquith announced in the House of Commons on June 22 that the resignation of Lord Wimborne as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had been accepted. The resignation of the Earl of Selborne from the Presidency of the Board of Agriculture was officially announced on Monday, and there have been reports that further Unionist resignations may follow as a consequence of the proposed Irish settlement. The trial of Sir Roger Casement on a charge of high treason was begun in the High Court of Justice on Monday.

The sinking of several ships by submarines or mines, both in the "war zone" and in the Mediterranean, has been recorded since we wrote last week. Italy has been the heaviest sufferer, having lost thirteen vessels. In addition, one Norwegian, two French, one Dutch, a British lightship, and two of unclassified nationality have been reported sunk. The British steamship Brussels, on her way from Rotterdam to Tilbury with passengers and mails, was captured by a German submarine, as recorded in dispatches of June 24, and taken into Zeebrugge. An official announcement of the French Ministry of Marine on Sunday stated that an Italian auxiliary cruiser and a French destroyer had been torpedoed in the Strait of Otranto. The sinking of two Austrian transports in the harbor of Durazzo was announced from Rome on Monday.

Official announcement was made on June 24 that the Duke of Connaught, whose term as Governor-General of Canada expires next October, has received permission to return to England. The appointment of his successor has not been announced.

Dispatches from Peking on Saturday of last week reported that the Chinese Cabinet had asked to resign, but that President Li Yuan-Hung had refused to accept the resignations for the present.

The Week

The justice of the President's demand for the release of the prisoners taken at Carrizal is beyond dispute. Prisoners can be held captive only if a state of war exists. The President's message to Carranza is in so far an ultimatum that it compels the First Chief to define what he considers the situation is. If he refuses to release the captured men, he can do so only on the ground that war is actually on. The President's rebuke to Carranza for communicating only through a subordinate military official so vital a decision as that imparted by Gen. Trevino to Gen. Pershing is similarly just. If Gen. Carranza had reached that frame of mind in which he was determined to resist by force any further advances, it was to Woodrow Wilson that this determination should have been sent, since that meant practically a declaration of war or a withdrawal of our troops under orders from Washington. As to the Carrizal incident itself, that is fortunately of lesser magnitude than has appeared. The escape of Capt. Morey gives the assurance that a calm official version of our side of the unhappy encounter will now be available. His written message does not make it clear that the responsibility rests with the Mexicans, for Capt. Morey distinctly says: "He [Capt. Boyd] was under the impression that the Mexicans would run as soon as we fired. We formed for attack. . . ." If this is true, it was a grave error of judgment by a brave and experienced officer, and affords another reason for going slowly.

Even if Carranza does not immediately release the prisoners, there is still no reason for rushing into war. Mr. Wilson must feel the absolute lack of enthusiasm for any such enterprise. There is nowhere any of the popular demand for war that marked the last days of April, 1898. Mr. Wilson is himself largely responsible for this by his insistence that "big business," owners of certain yellow newspapers, and those who have financial interests at stake are the ones who heartily desire a war. Certainly no one else does. The soldiers who are responding so readily do so merely because of a sense of patriotic duty, knowing that there is no glory in it. The instant war begins the unification and solidification of Mexico will have taken place, and there will be a strong government in Mexico City supported by every Mexican—the very things the lack of which we have deplored. No news, in short, has

come out of Mexico to make any sensible man feel that war with that unfortunate country would be anything else than an incalculable misfortune, if not a crime, on both sides—absolutely the wrong way to achieve the purposes which the leading men of both nations desire and eagerly wish to achieve. It would be greatly to be regretted, therefore, if the President should now decline the mediation of the South Americans he was so eager to have two years ago.

The German press is probably under no illusion as to the soundness of its argument that the Russian offensive has been brought to a stop because the only successes recorded by the Czar's armies are against the Austrians. It is precisely against the Austrians as much the weaker of their opponents that the main effort of the Russian armies has been directed from the beginning of the war. Gen. Brusiloff would be perfectly content no more than to hold his own against von Linsingen and von Bothmer, if his left wing might continue to move forward as rapidly as it has done in the last three weeks. In that time the crownland of Bukowina has been reconquered, and the Russians are close to the Carpathian passes. Taught by bitter experience, it is not likely that they will again attempt an invasion of Hungary. Instead of breaking through the mountain passes, the southern Russian army, after disposing of the remnants of Gen. Pflanzer's forces, will turn north and move along the edge of the Carpathians into Galicia. Such a movement, if unchecked, would threaten the entire Austrian position as far as Lemberg. The Austrians, by themselves, cannot make a stand. Either German reinforcements must take up the old work of stiffening their allies at the furthest end of the battle-line, or the Germans themselves, at the other end, must inflict a decisive defeat on the enemy.

The Allied action in Greece links itself closely with military events on the Russian front. The unfriendly attitude of the Skouloudis Ministry was at all times a source of vexation. It might become a menace if the military situation reached a point where an Allied advance from Salonica grew feasible. The demobilization of the Greek army was not being carried out according to promise, and the possibility existed of an attack from the rear in case of a northward move by the forces under Gen. Sarrail. Benevolent neutrality is what the Allies insisted upon as their right. The

contention that there is no desire to force Greece into war is sound. Even if the new elections six weeks hence should restore Venizelos to power, it is hardly probable that the process of remobilizing the Greek army would be begun immediately. Taking the situation in Greece in conjunction with the status of the fighting between the Pruth and the Pripet, it is plain that the statements from Berlin that the Russian peril has been checked are not justified. While the battle is still under way in the north, the Russian left wing is sweeping through Bukowina and may soon be at the Carpathian passes. In other words, the Russians are winning at a point in the battle-line where the Austrians are furthest removed from their German allies. Should an advance be begun from Salonica, the pressure on the Hapsburg armies would be such as to compel von Mackensen's return to Serbia, a thinning of the German line on every front, and consequences of the most important kind.

Too much importance need not be attached to the proposed commercial arrangement or commercial treaty among the Allied Powers. This more or less tentative proposal, which the British Board of Trade announced last week as having been agreed on at the recent Paris conference, is directed towards restriction of trade with the Teutonic countries. Its general basis is the presumption that Germany, even if defeated in the military campaign, would endeavor to pursue her purposes through economic means. The Board of Trade's statement announces, as a primary purpose, the intention of the Allies "to defend their commerce against economic aggression resulting from 'dumping' or any other mode of unfair competition." With this in view, it is proposed to fix by agreement a period during which import of goods originating in the enemy countries "will be subjected to prohibitions or to a special régime." Next, the Allies intend "to take the necessary steps without delay to render themselves independent of the enemy countries as regards raw materials and manufactured articles essential to the normal development of their economic activities." These details of agreement, together with the pledge that a "prior claim on raw materials, industrial and agricultural plants, and mercantile fleets" will be granted to "countries suffering from acts of destruction, spoliation, and unjust requisition," make up the programme for the aftermath of war.

In so far as the plan contemplates "favored-nation" privileges, to be granted by the present Allies to one another and denied to Germany, it is not an improbable incident as an immediate sequel to the war. But when the discussion begins to converge on drastic restriction of trade with the Teutonic Powers after peace, or on its absolute prohibition, there will obviously be two sides to the question. In the last full calendar year of peace, England imported from Germany \$402,500,000 worth of merchandise. But it also exported \$203,400,000. No doubt, the protectionist will shake his head over this "adverse balance" of nearly \$200,000,000. But then what is to be said of England's \$86,500,000 "import balance" in her trade of 1913 with France, or the similar balance of \$50,500,000 in her trade with Belgium and of \$562,000,000 in her trade with the United States? Provisions against wholesale "dumping" are at least comprehensible; though it might be imagined that Germany will have as much reason to fear England in that regard as England to fear Germany. But behind all other considerations the plain question will arise whether any or all of the Allied nations could obtain permanent benefit by putting arbitrary obstructions in the normal channels of international trade. The commercial history of England in particular has proved the futility of such plans, and the certainty that they will chiefly injure the authors of them.

An important part of the history of the American consular service was bound up with the career of Capt. Frank H. Mason, who died on June 21 in Paris and who had in 1913 resigned his office as Consul-General there. First appointed to a post in 1880 by Garfield, his efficiency at Basle and Marseilles made him a man so marked that he was retained where others fell victims to the spoils system, rising successively to the Consul-Generalship at Frankfurt-am-Main, at Berlin, and at the French capital. He became a living exponent of the principle that sometimes a man grows so valuable in the service that it is impolitic for a changed Administration to dismiss him; and his lengthening tenure helped make that of other good men more secure. Participants in the movement for freeing the consular service from petty politics could always point to him as an example of the value of experience in an important place. His thirty-three years of work did not end until after the introduction of the requirement of examinations for entrance into the service, and it was doubtless a great pleasure to him

to see that service so materially strengthened by new standards.

Among the curious developments resulting from the Republican-Progressive split in 1912 is the law imposing upon Mr. Hughes the duty of naming the Republican candidates for Presidential elector in Pennsylvania. Roosevelt's victory in the primaries there, coupled with his failure at Chicago and the subsequent organization of a third party, created the anomaly of an ostensibly Republican ticket bearing the names of electors who avowed their determination to vote against the Republican nominees for President and Vice-President. After extended negotiations, the twenty-seven anti-Taft electors withdrew and the Republicans agreed not to run a rival State ticket. To prevent a repetition of this situation, a law was passed giving the nominee for President the right of choosing the Presidential electors of his party. The obligation would be merely formal if it were not for the existence of factions among Pennsylvania Republicans, both of them anxious to obtain "recognition" from the head of the party. The spectacle of Charles E. Hughes being humbly besought by lieutenants of Penrose and Vare in turn to give them the boon of the electoral ticket for the sake of the moral effect of the victory is enough to make the ex-Governor's old foes gnash their teeth. But how does Hughes manage to keep his face straight at these conferences?

One tariff trench out of which the Republicans will find it hard to bomb the Democrats is the one named free wool. A circular letter issued by the First National Bank of Boston dwells upon the unparalleled prosperity of the manufacturers of woollen goods, together with the high prices received by the growers. We read of mounting imports of wool, yet of the entire domestic production being bought at a great advance. According to this bank circular: "About two-thirds of the new clip of the country is estimated to have passed from the growers' hands, and producers are realizing very handsome returns, in some cases almost double what they received two years ago, and the impetus to keep larger flocks is growing." Now, of course, according to all protectionist logic and predictions, these things could not possibly have happened under free wool. And they will doubtless be described as one of the consequences of an unforeseen war. That there is reason in this we do not deny; but it is not of a kind

that can be used in a calamity-howling high-tariff campaign. As the *Chicago Tribune* admits, the old Republican "trick" about prosperity is "coming home." It remarks shrewdly:

People who have more money than they used to have will be very little interested, we suspect, in arguments telling them that by all the regular rules they ought not to have this money. The answer is that they have it.

The decision by Judge Hand of the Federal District Court that the Corn Products Company is a Trust in restraint of trade condemns the ingenious business practices of the company. If uncontested or upheld, it gives the Federal Trade Commission its first problem in the dissolution of a corporation. It also breaks the succession of anti-Trust cases which have gone against the Government—five out of six tried in 1915 having been decided in favor of the defendant. Judge Hand's statement shows little likelihood that by the "rule of reason," or anything else, the company can be saved by an appeal. He admits that its history has been marked by attempts to create sporadic competition, but asserts the best possible evidence that it "never meant to maintain it as a policy, but only to drive out weaker competitors." Not only were small companies set up to prevent the development of rivals, but every possible weapon was used to crush competitors of size; and its defence "in the end comes down to the assertion that its efforts to restrict competition failed." Granting the uneconomical nature of competition in some fields, he declares that this is not one of them. The plan of dissolution must go in four months to the Federal Trade Commission, which it is to be hoped will insist upon one of more undoubted effectiveness than the courts have sometimes accepted in the past.

Any impression that in passing her much-debated law for a general Industrial Commission New York embarked on something like an isolated experiment should be dissipated by the report on last year's labor legislation which Secretary Wilson has just made public. It mentions as one of the most significant features "the growth of the industrial commission plan, uniting in one authority the administration of workmen's compensation, factory inspection, and other labor laws," and enumerates Indiana, Montana, Nevada, and Colorado as aligning themselves with this State in 1915. The plan originated in Wisconsin several years ago; and there are indications that it may

sweep those States most advanced in labor legislation. A process of experimentation may be expected to produce types of laws adapted to different commonwealths. The Wisconsin act gave the Industrial Commission much larger powers of making rules without disturbing statutory standards than was allowed the New York body. The Colorado body is peculiar in that, instead of replacing other bureaus, it is simply imposed upon them with duties of investigation and supervision; while the acts of the other States have various special features. The economies of operation under the general plan are many, and it is especially commended by the union of the function of preventing accidents with that of determining the proper compensation for them.

Not merely defeat, but something of humiliation, is the fate of Senator Clapp in the Minnesota primaries. He has been in the Senate fifteen years, yet he runs a bad third in the race for the term beginning next March. This despite the fact that he had lifted up his voice for the primary as the heaven-sent test of political fitness. Must it be written that they that take up the primary shall perish by the primary? The cause of Clapp's failure is in part his Bull Moosing—he offered the resolution in Orchestra Hall nominating Roosevelt, yet continued to describe himself in the Senate directory as a Republican. This was naturally resented by his party and does not seem to have impressed the voters in the way he expected. He was given to orating, too, and the State finally had enough of it. Other Republicans may be interested in the statement that he made a poor showing "even in districts where he was expected to receive an endorsement for his vote on the Gore resolutions." As the successor of Cushman K. Davis, whose unexpired term he was chosen to fill, he entered the Senate with an unusual opportunity for making a reputation speedily, but never attained more than a mediocre position before the country. His successful competitor, Frank B. Kellogg, also was connected with Senator Davis, being one of his law partners. He has never held elective office, but is known rather better than the man he will doubtless succeed, being the original "Trust buster."

Those who think of our insular possessions as "backward" would do well to study the course of legislation in Porto Rico. In its system of juvenile courts for the care of destitute children, in its Government assistance to laborers wishing farms of their

own, in its \$4,000,000 irrigation system managed by the Government, and in the extermination of mosquitoes effected by the Government, in its protection of a crowded population against usury, it could offer lessons to many States. The advanced character of San Juan statesmanship is again attested by the legislative session just closed. The Government was authorized to issue bonds for an Insular Bank, to serve as head of a farm-loan system. A workmen's compensation law was passed, \$2,000,000 was voted to complete the excellent road system, and—as half our States and cities might take note—all Government supplies were standardized and their purchase vested in a single officer. The Assembly even attempted the reform of the general property tax, which has been as iniquitous in Porto Rico as in the United States. To Gov. Yager and other American officers a good deal of the credit for this legislation is due; but it also evinces a creditable progressiveness on the part of the native law-makers.

"Elihu Root is seventy," remarks a British weekly, "and men grow old much faster in America than in Europe." This is doubtless born of the belief that Americans consume energy at headlong pace. We know the array of facts cited against us. Palmerston was Premier at 81, Gladstone at 83, Metternich and Bismarck were driven out of power at 75. Talleyrand was a force till his death at 84, Guizot till 86, von Moltke till nearly 88; Ranke began his history of the world at 80, and wrote twelve volumes before he was 91, while Buffon and Goethe were active octogenarians. Grant, Sheridan, McClellan, Hancock, Pope, Jackson, Hood, Hill, and others began Civil War service before they were forty—yet look at the age of recent European generals, of Oyama and Kuroki. But we forget the other side. Let admirers of Gladstone and Bismarck look into the lives of J. Q. Adams, Bancroft, Jefferson, Jackson, and Clay, not to mention minor figures like Thurman. As for Goethe and Buffon at 80, was their energy more remarkable than is that of Howells and Burroughs? Our generals are mostly of a peaceful sort, and men like Hill and Edison do not grow old so fast that they have to leave off work.

A convention of Nationalists from the six Ulster counties which under Home Rule would be excluded from the jurisdiction of the Dublin Parliament has agreed to surrender local interests to the general welfare,

and Lloyd George seems in a fair way of bringing peace and a measure of contentment to Ireland. How difficult, how complex is the problem involved in a permanent settlement, is borne in upon us with new force as we read of the divisions and subdivisions and interdivisions of sentiment which even the fresh memory of Dublin fighting has not been able altogether to bridge over. It is not merely an issue between three-quarters of geographical Ireland which is Nationalist and one-quarter which is Ulsterite. Imbedded in Nationalist Ireland of the south are centres of Ulster interest, and nearly half of Orange Ulster of the north is really Nationalist and Catholic. Ireland has been suffering from the same conflicts and confusions which have been the tragedy of the minor peoples of southern and eastern Europe, and the cause of the catastrophe of to-day. But precisely because the problem is one of an inextricable welter of race, religion, and economic interests, it is plain that a solution can only come, not through geographical partitions and surgical operations, but primarily through the establishment of reciprocal faith and coöperation.

Yemen and Hedjaz, the cradle-land of Mohammedanism, have been constitutionally restive under the successors of the Prophet. The railway to Mecca was built for the transport of troops to the holy city as well as for pilgrims. Ten years ago a rebellion in Yemen threatened the overthrow of Turkish authority in the Red Sea provinces. It is nevertheless startling news that the religious capital of the Moslems should be in rebellion against the Sultan in a world war which for Turkey has been proclaimed a Holy War. The fact is only one more illustration of the exaggerated emphasis that has been laid on Pan-Islamism. The attitude of the Moslem peoples to the Allies has been dictated by their secular interests. There have been uprisings against the British in the Sudan because hostility to the British is the tradition there. On the other hand, the Mohammedans of India, numbering more than sixty millions, by far the greatest single group of that faith, have been steadily loyal. So have been the fifteen-odd millions of Asiatic Russia. If the prestige of Mecca carries with it any military influence on the course of the war, that will now run against Turkey. It is a situation which may suggest the advisability of transferring the religious capital of Mohammedanism from Mecca to Cologne.

CANDIDATES AND POLITICIANS.

"This man Hughes is very much the same type as Wilson, isn't he?" good Republicans in Kansas asked some time before the Chicago Conventions. "He is." "That's all right then." And in these words was summed up the present tragedy of the political war-horse and the partisan editor. It might be all right for the plain citizen to have his choice restricted to two candidates of very much the same type. It gave him the comfortable sense that, whichever way the ballots fell, there was nothing to worry over. But what of the veteran professionals to whom a campaign is always a struggle between the forces of light and the forces of darkness? What of the editors who could no longer make it an issue between Smith, who will let the country go to the devil, and Jones, under whose firm guidance the nation was bound to sweep on towards glory and manifest destiny? Where is the fierce joy of battle to come from, where the loud huzzahs and the blare of the martial trumpet, in a contest between two men who are much nearer to each other than they are to multitudes of their respective partisans? It is a situation in which you can hardly blame the bewildered orator for summoning the nation to rally behind Woodrow E. Hughes or Charles Wilson.

The likeness between the two men in temperament, in mentality, and in the details of their earlier political careers is one which has impressed itself no less on the foreign observer than on our own people. Wilson for the Democratic party and Hughes for the Republican party embody a sharp break with our traditional standards of political eligibility. In 1912 a college professor was elected President. Was the experiment a failure? asks the *Westminster Gazette*:

If that experiment had proved as disastrous as some members of the Republican party have alleged, and if Mr. Wilson in his term of office had, indeed, exhibited all those infirmities of the academic temper that his critics impute to him, we might have expected his opponents to nominate against him a man of exactly the opposite type, a practical man, a man of business, a tried politician. Instead of that they fetch a judge from the Supreme Court, who matches Mr. Wilson in his aloofness from the machine, his academic qualities, his learning.

And this occurs at a time of crisis in American affairs. Whereas impatient people in other countries are crying: "Get rid of the lawyers and the amateurs, give us business men and men of action," the people of the United States, "the greatest business community in the world," have restricted

their choice to a college president and a judge.

On this side of the water, too, plenty of voices have been raised for a man of action in these difficult times. Against Hughes ran the implication that because he was a man of Wilson's type, temperamentally and intellectually, he was exposed to that vice of "pussy-footing" which will account for all our ills. The critical state of the nation demanded a strong man for President, and the critical state of the Republican party demanded a strong candidate to carry the fight on Wilson. Now, Hughes was so much like Wilson that his strength as President was doubtful, and he was so much like Wilson that his fighting qualities as a candidate were impaired from the start. There was the danger that if this man Hughes believed in a certain one of Wilson's policies, he would not be afraid to say so. What was needed was a man who was sure to disagree with Wilson all along the line, a man who was strong enough to make a quarrel if one was needed. That was the pathetically naïve argument of the boomers of Roosevelt. He had created the issue upon which the campaign must be fought. He had raised the standard. He had supplied the rallying cry. But no one rose to explain why, if a real crisis is here, it was necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to create an issue. Or could it be that, if Mr. Roosevelt had not created the issue, if he had not succumbed to a renewed attack of Presidentitis, there would have been no crisis?

That was the question which the ordinary man in both parties has been asking himself. It is true that the times were serious, it is true that a strong man was needed, but it was not the table-thumping strength and campaign bluster of the old professional partisanship. The conscience and common-sense of the nation recognized that what we need in these times of stress is the strength of patient study and calm judgment and forethought and sympathy and self-restraint. It will not do to shout coward and weakling. That was a good enough campaign cry for ordinary occasions. It is nothing but dishonest foolery to-day when issues heavy with the future of the nation and the world are in balance, when men feel in their hearts that the great need is for the most thorough self-examination and the most deliberate caution. As against the practical man who would mend matters with a wave of the hand, or the club, the country has declared for the man who lets action come after thought. The country is

not frightened by the cry of "pussy-footing." It is in favor of the best kind of "pussy-footing," at a time when half the world is staggering about like a drunken man, when the slightest misstep would bring fearful consequences.

Come what will in Mexico, the behavior of this nation under the prolonged strain will always be an admirable page in our history. The newspapers which have been fiercest in their criticism of the President's Mexican policy are now at one with him in calling for further patience. Face to face with crisis, the country is virtually a unit in feeling that our highest duty does not lie along the lines which the traditionally "strong" man would have us follow. At a time when half the world is in agony the desire is for the kind of temperament, of training, and of outlook which makes Kansas accept with satisfaction the fact that this man Hughes is very much the same type as this man Wilson.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S FUNERAL ORATION.

In Col. Roosevelt's long letter to the Progressive National Committee, he faces the inevitable with as good a grace as possible. The Progressive party is dead, and good Dr. Roosevelt breaks the news gently to the family. It is plainly a bitter dose for the Colonel to accept Hughes, but he says that it is no time to "sulk," and nothing remains except "good-humoredly and with common-sense" to get out of the situation the best that it can be made to yield. One relief for the Colonel's feelings he does, indeed, find. This is his attack upon the President which he renews in a fashion to show that at least his bile is again being secreted freely. In his passion for holding Mr. Wilson responsible for every mischief, he even makes him accountable for the "continued existence of the German-American menace at home." The process of reasoning by which he arrives at this is a little obscure. The "evil intrigues of these hyphenated Americans" are directed against President Wilson, more than anybody else, and he caused the Democratic Convention to denounce them in unsparing terms; yet it appears that if he had been rougher with Germany, German-Americans would have loved him. We can't follow this logic; but we can see that its principle is to make the folly and shame of the President come out in the conclusion, no matter what the premises. That part of the Colonel's letter is written with full gusto.

Two main questions must have been in the mind of all who were waiting for deliverance by Mr. Roosevelt. What would he say of the present and the future of the Progressive party? How hearty and ungrudging would he make his support of Hughes? To deal with the last point first, we are sure that no friend of Mr. Hughes will complain that the Colonel's endorsement of him is not sufficiently generous. In reference to the charge that the villanous German-Americans were too friendly towards Hughes, Mr. Roosevelt, after first taking another heavy fall out of those who wear "the badge and sign of moral treason," asserts that the fact that "these men have for their own purpose supported him" will not affect Hughes's course either before or after the election. The character of Mr. Hughes and his whole course in public affairs are a sufficient guarantee of this. Besides, the Colonel adds significantly: "If I support a candidate it may be accepted as proof that I am certain that the candidate is incapable of being influenced" by these bad Americans. For the rest, Mr. Roosevelt's praise of Hughes is almost as high as that which he bestowed upon Taft in 1908.

In declining the Progressive nomination, and urging all his "fellow-Progressives" to support Hughes, Col. Roosevelt does not make it clear whether he thinks the party founded in 1912 should now abandon its organization. He utters a panegyric on its past. He pledges unalterable devotion to its ideals. But it is plain to him that "the people, under existing conditions, are not prepared to accept a new party." If the people won't have us, we must go with some party that has a chance of success. In another, this attitude might have been arraigned by the Colonel as time-serving and unheroic. But in him it means, of course, shaping his conduct so as to serve best the vital needs of the nation. But must not the Progressives still be loyal? Yes; but only to the ideal, "and not merely to the name, and least of all to the party name." This looks like urging disbandment; and it is reinforced by his notification to the rebellious minority at Chicago that if, after all, they go ahead and nominate a third ticket, it will be "merely a move in the interest of the election of Mr. Wilson."

About the net effect of Mr. Roosevelt's letter, there can be no doubt. He means it for a funeral oration over the body of the Progressive party. So far as he is concerned, he is through with third-party movements. Hereafter, he will be as whole-hogged a Re-

publican as the next man. And there is no question that the great majority of Progressives will abandon the party along with him. An irreconcilable and indignant minority—indignant at what they believe their cowardly betrayal by Theodore Roosevelt, and their cold-blooded selling out by George Perkins—may put some name on their ticket in place of Roosevelt's, and make a pretence of a campaign. But this could be only a rump of a party, cutting no real figure in the election. In the States which have been the scene of the chief Progressive triumphs—Illinois and Pennsylvania—the party organization has already been given up. It is bound to be nearly everywhere else. In a short time, the Progressives will be wandering among the shades of the Greenbackers and Populists and the other futile and ephemeral third-parties that have figured one time and another in the political history of the United States.

When the history of the Progressive party comes impartially to be written, there will be recognition of many sincere and admirable spirits that gave to it their names and their energy and their faith. But it will have to be recorded that the party was, in its essence, a movement for political revenge; that it tied its fortunes to the tail of one man's kite; and that when he fell it was bound to go down also. There is matter for pity here, though not for beating of the breast, but there is more matter for moral reflection. This will centre mainly upon the fate which in the end is certain to overtake the man who plays upon the emotions of noble men and women so long as it suits his selfish ambitions, and then turns his back upon them.

WHAT MAY END THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The longer the war runs, the less likely seems a smashing military victory—an Austerlitz or a Waterloo. And if it is to be ended by a process of complete exhaustion, it seems to have a long way to go. As Adam Smith once remarked, there is a great deal of ruin in a nation.

This compact summary of the supposed situation in the great war, taken from an article in a popular periodical, represents a state of mind very widely prevalent. To neither half of the statement can exception be taken. There is no prospect whatever of an Austerlitz, a Waterloo, or a Sedan; and "complete exhaustion" is so far off that if the war is to continue until it is reached, there stretches before us a vista of horror too appalling to

contemplate. Yet it does not follow that the war must necessarily still be of long duration, nor—what it is fully as important to bear in mind—that it will end in stalemate. Despite the fact that to look for a tremendous military débâcle would be to indulge in an illusion, and that to expect Germany to succumb to sheer exhaustion in anything like a near future would likewise be a vain imagining, it is still perfectly reasonable to entertain the hope that the war may before a very long time has elapsed terminate in the decisive defeat of the Central Powers.

For it is not necessary to consider the factor of exhaustion and the factor of military defeat separately. What it would require a Waterloo to accomplish if the pressure of exhaustion were less severe may be attained by a more ordinary defeat when coming on top of the prolonged strain of distress; what it would require "complete exhaustion" to bring about if the forces in the field were holding their own may be effected by the cumulative discontent of a suffering people when they are confronted with a decisively adverse turn in the tide of war. It is upon the combination of the two factors that Grey and Poincaré, that Joffre and Kitchener, have been counting for the fulfilment of the programme to which the Allies have so steadfastly adhered. We may be sure that they have not hoped to bring about "the destruction of the military domination of Prussia" by a mere process of starvation; this end can be accomplished only by projecting upon the background of distress and discontent at home the spectacle of defeat in the field sufficiently impressive to bring home to the German people a clear consciousness of unmistakable failure.

To say that such defeat is sure to come would be to transcend very much any prerogative of prophecy to which we can lay claim. But it is such a defeat—not a Waterloo or a Sedan, but nevertheless a true breakdown of the German military position—that is being looked for when the opportune moment arrives—if it has not arrived even as we write—for the long-maturing Allied offensive. And it is not overbold to predict that if such a defeat does come it will mean definitive disaster to the German cause. For the signs not only of growing exhaustion, but of growing realization of it, and growing anxiety to end the war on such terms as can be got, have been steadily accumulating. One of the latest is a striking article in *Vorwärts*. Certainly the mood of the German people has not become more

cheerful in these last days—with the establishment of the "food dictatorship," with the gradual revelation of the total futility of the North Sea battle, not to speak of the Russian advance or the developments in Greece and Arabia. Any military blow sufficient to demonstrate that the magnificent army has at last been definitely beaten, that victory in the field is impossible, that prolongation of the war can only mean further military disaster as well as measureless distress, will be sufficient to create an imperious demand for peace, with the alternative of revolution plainly looming up in the background.

There may, indeed, be some who would reject this view on the ground that the Germans are possessed with such phenomenal devotion to the Fatherland that they will "fight to the last man" rather than admit defeat. But we fancy that the number of believers in this superman notion of the Germans is no longer very great. That they have displayed splendid valor and devotion, as well as great ability and remarkable organization, no fair-minded person will deny. But in no respect have they shown themselves superhuman; and the record certainly of some, and possibly of every one, of the Allied nations has, all things considered, been as remarkable as theirs. The steadfastness they have shown in facing a tremendous task and enduring great hardship is impressive; but to be steadfast while confident of ultimate victory, or even while hopeful of ultimate victory, is no proof that one will deliberately persist in the endurance of agony when the hope of accomplishing anything by it has completely vanished. And there is not the slightest reason to suppose that the German people will do anything of the kind.

HOW BRITAIN FINANCES THE WAR.

It is not only in the rôle of her navy that Britain plays a unique part among the nations in the great war. The story of her finances, and especially of the policy of taxation which has gone along with her immense expenditure, is one of the most remarkable developments of the great conflict. The way in which successive increases in taxation have been received by the country bears the most eloquent possible testimony to the unfaltering loyalty of the nation. It gives the lie to a thousand easy-going generalizations as to the willingness of the rich and the well-to-do to have the country plunged into war, out of which they reap profit while the

poor bear the burden and the suffering. In money, no less than in life, the wealthy classes in England have borne their full share and more, and borne it without a murmur. At each successive raising of the income-tax rate the Government has been cordially sustained, and indeed has been criticised rather for not going far enough than for going too far.

An article on the latest war budget, in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, by J. A. R. Marriott, brings out, in an unusually illuminating way, the leading characteristics of the taxation policy that has been pursued by the British Government. It opens with a reference to the contrast between the drastic taxation laid upon the British and the German Government's shrinking from such a policy, which the writer regards as a conspicuous illustration of Montesquieu's dictum that the greater the degree of liberty enjoyed by the subject, the heavier taxation may be:

Mr. McKenna has not hesitated to impose upon a self-governing people additional taxation amounting to over £300,000,000 a year. Dr. Helfferich makes a virtue of a necessity in asking for no more than a beggarly £24,000,000. The demands made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer are indeed colossal. The unruffled imperturbability with which they have been conceded is a remarkable testimony alike to the financial confidence and to the ardent patriotism of the citizens of this country.

But, except for these opening remarks, and for certain criticisms relating to questions of permanent—as distinguished from war-time—policy, the article is devoted to an analytical discussion of the British war taxes and war debt.

The first thing one should have in mind in considering the relation between the taxes and the debt is that the importance of high taxation rests in only a very minor degree upon the diminution it effects in the amount of money to be raised by borrowing. That has its value, no doubt; but even with the colossal scale on which taxation is now being levied, only one-sixth of the war expenses is being paid out of current revenue. What the high taxation effects in insuring the soundness of British finance is something of infinitely greater moment than this. The British national debt, which was little more than \$3,000,000,000 at the beginning of the war, will at the close of the current fiscal year—March 31, 1917—amount to the gigantic sum of \$13,000,000,000, and may afterwards go higher than that. To the question whether the nation's credit will be able to stand so great a strain, Mr. McKenna's answer is "an unhesitating but closely

reasoned affirmative"; and his reason is that the estimated revenue for 1916-17 will exceed that for 1915-16 by £173,000,000, which is nearly £100,000,000 more than the sum required for the payment of additional interest on the debt. The Government's policy for keeping the national credit absolutely unimpaired is condensed into the simple rule that they "never borrow one pound without making provision by new taxation sufficient to cover both interest and a liberal sinking fund."

An historical comparison between the present and former wars carried on by Great Britain, as to the proportion of expenditure borne out of revenue, brings out some interesting facts. The "War of American Secession," says Mr. Marriott, "cost us £97,500,000, of which all but a paltry £3,000,000 was imposed by George the Third and Lord North upon posterity"; while on the other hand, of the enormous cost of the wars against the French Republic and Napoleon, it is estimated that "47 per cent. was paid for out of revenue." It should be remarked, however, that this does not, as might hastily be thought, throw the present achievement into the shade, since the cost of the Napoleonic wars was spread over a great many years, while the present terrific drain has been concentrated into a short time. Another comparison, more interesting and significant, is conveyed in a table showing the proportion between indirect and direct taxation in the past seventy-five years—irrespective of peace or war—from which the steady increase of the latter factor is conspicuously evident. Direct taxation has risen from 27 per cent. of the whole in 1841 to 40 per cent. in 1881, nearly 50 per cent. in 1901, 57.6 per cent. in the year preceding the present war, and 72 per cent. in the budget for 1916-17.

Of the present taxes, the two outstanding features are of course the income tax and the excess-profits tax. To the extraordinary level which the income-tax rates have reached, attention has been abundantly directed; but the statement that its total in the present budget, £195,000,000—nearly a billion dollars—"is not very far short of the total sum to be provided out of revenue towards the cost of the war," puts it in an extremely striking light. As for the excess-profits tax, probably few in this country are aware that the general rate of taxation on "war profits" was 50 per cent. and has been raised to 60 per cent. in the present budget, and that in the case of establishments controlled by the Minister of Munitions 80 per cent. of the entire profits are taken by the Government. The only fault Mr. Marriott has to find with

all this is that the tax was not put on soon enough, and that 60 per cent. is too little; and it is interesting to note that he ascribes the industrial unrest of the early part of 1915 largely to just discontent on the part of the working classes that they should have been asked to sacrifice their union rules except on the condition that the fruits of the sacrifice "should be reaped not by individuals but by the community." This comes not from a Socialist, or Laborite, but on the contrary from a Conservative who fears that the taxing power is in danger of being greatly abused by the democracy. All in all, one cannot rise from the reading of this article without a feeling of profound respect for the spirit in which the prosperous classes of Britain have met a duty less inspiring, but no less exacting, than that of facing the enemy in the field—the duty of clear-eyed and willing submission to the fiscal demands of their gigantic warfare.

A GREAT STEP IN THE PROGRESS OF HEALTH.

The foundation of a School of Hygiene and Public Health, just announced by the Rockefeller Foundation, is an event whose significance and importance cannot easily be overestimated. Like other new departments of public and private activity, the promotion of public health and the practice of preventive medicine, after having been the chief or sole occupation of many able men in this country who had not been specifically trained for that work, have now long cried out for the provision of such special education as is the natural basis of a distinct profession. It is not surprising that the existence of this need should have been brought home specially to the minds of those in charge of the Rockefeller Foundation's work, in connection with its labors in studying and combating the evils of hook-worm, malaria, yellow fever, and other diseases in various parts of the world. Whether its interest was awakened in this way or otherwise, the Foundation, as a matter of fact, as far back as December, 1913, requested the General Education Board "to inquire into and report upon existing facilities in the United States for the training of public health officials." Pursuant to that request, a conference was held to consider the question, the persons present being a number of the foremost authorities on the subject in this country. The discussion resulted in a request to Dr. Welch, of Johns Hopkins, and Mr. Rose, of the International Health Com-

mission of the Rockefeller Foundation, to report upon a plan. Their report has been under advisement for a year, and the decision arrived at is the result of comprehensive inquiry and most mature consideration. That decision is that the best means of promoting the object in view is to establish a School of Hygiene and Public Health, to be carried on in connection with Johns Hopkins University; and it is expected that the School will be opened in the autumn of 1917.

The report of Dr. Welch and Mr. Rose is full of interesting matter. It opens with a brief sketch of what is done in this field in England and in Germany, from both of which countries "lessons are to be learned" by us. In England hygienic laboratories are few, and "for training the emphasis is laid upon public health administration, in which respect England leads the world"; in Germany, on the other hand, "every university has its department or institute of hygiene, conducted by a professor and corps of assistants, where the subject is represented broadly in all its varied aspects, students are taught by lectures, laboratory courses, and field work, and the science is advanced by research." Coming to the situation in America, the report states that "in this country we are woefully lacking both in laboratories of hygiene and in opportunities for training in public health work." How keenly the need for supplying these deficiencies is felt by those who are grappling with the various problems of public health is impressively brought out in the report.

It is accordingly easy to imagine how eagerly the opportunities to be provided by the new establishment will be utilized. We may be sure that the same phenomenon that was presented by the great medical school at Baltimore will be repeated in the story of the school of hygiene. When the Johns Hopkins Medical School was started, with its requirements so far outdoing anything theretofore exacted in any American school of medicine, it was doubted—and by none more than the faculty themselves—whether for some time there would be more than a very small body of students offering to take the course. But from the very beginning the only difficulty in regard to the number of students was found to be that of making the facilities of the school adequate to their accommodation. In the same way as there were then hundreds eager to obtain a higher training in medicine than was at that time offered in any American institution, so now there will doubtless turn up a plentiful body of applicants desirous of thorough and comprehensive training in preventive

medicine and public health service. And, as in the other case, it may be expected that not many years will pass before steps are taken in other parts of the country in pursuance of the example set.

What classes of persons are to be trained in such a school is itself an interesting question; for the ramifications of the practical work of promoting public health are many. The new school will attempt to cover the whole ground, and some idea of the scope of its instruction may be conveyed by this enumeration of subjects "to which more or less attention must be given in an institute of hygiene":

Vital statistics; epidemiology, or the causation, spread, and prevention of transmissible diseases, including tuberculosis and the venereal diseases; diagnosis of infectious diseases; industrial hygiene; sanitary parasitology, including bacteriology and immunology; sanitary chemistry; sanitary engineering; hospital construction and administration; housing, ventilation, heating, lighting; disinfection; the hygiene of air, soil, water, and climate; water supplies and sewage disposal; infant mortality and child hygiene; hygiene of schools; mental hygiene; heredity and eugenics; social hygiene; personal hygiene; diet and nutrition; rural, farm, and dairy hygiene; milk supply; food and drug adulterations; nuisances; public-health administration and organization, sanitary laws and hygiene; relation of animal diseases to human codes; quarantine and immigration; tropical diseases; public education in healthy living; social-service work; sanitary surveys.

A formidable array, truly; one calculated to make persons more sophisticated than the denizens of Goldsmith's village wonder how one small head can carry all that these hygienists will know. But it is to be remembered that no one person will be expected to know it all; and we may be very sure that the "note" of the new institution will be that of real mastery of such part as it is the particular individual's business to know thoroughly. What the presence in this country of a few thousand men and women thus equipped will mean for the saving of life and the prevention of suffering, it should not require any extraordinary power of imagination to forecast.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.

One has but to glance at the programme for the annual meeting of the National Education Association to perceive the enormous strides which public education in this country has made during the past quarter of a century. A curriculum which fundamentally was not far removed from the three R's has grown into an instrument as broad and intricate as life itself. The discovery should

not, of course, be surprising. Once it was decided that the old-fashioned cut-and-dried training was insufficient for modern needs, ingenuity could be counted upon to bring the volume and variety of instruction into correspondence with the activities of the world at large. All this emerges quite clearly from the programme, which we print as a supplement of the present issue. The only wonder is that the educational machine, having reached such huge proportions, can be directed wisely by any one less than a god. And there is, indeed, some evidence indicating that the mere machinery of modern civilization may yet prove to be only another race of giants threatening to overthrow its masters.

But this as well as other matters is a question with which the school teachers of the land are next week preparing to grapple. To what extent shall vocational training be allowed to occupy the student? How may waste be avoided so that proper "educational values" may be carried over from even the kindergarten? The physical care of the child, together with the special problems of sex hygiene; the fostering and directing of the dramatic instinct; the place of the moving picture in education; the way in which to control "restless boys"; school gardening—all these and many other problems have been added in recent years to the discussion of such conventions. The idea is apparently not only that education shall be prepared to meet every conceivable contingency, but that the preparation itself shall be standardized. What formerly was left to the intuition and personality of the teacher has now to be formulated and hammered in. We do not mean to belittle this particular phase of education. Public schools, owing to the constant overcrowding and consequent overwork for teachers, are not to be judged by the simpler methods of the private school. In some way efficient teaching must be obtained from persons too busy for much initiative along such lines of human, personal endeavor as the ones just referred to. Yet it is well to remember that, if next to nothing is left to the character and originality of the individual teacher, such efficiency is no better than a steam-roller.

If "efficiency" is, as it appears to be, the watchword of public education in this country, then it is time that the term should be defined so as to slough off much of the nonsense which it wears. For educators, like orators, are not immune from the danger of fine words. Thus the emphasis placed

in the programme on "social values" may signify an entirely mischievous conception of what a school can attempt—for who shall lightly say what the social values of any community are? Or it may represent merely a proper concern for the development of a student's all-round character. The words are in any case loosely used, with a view, probably, to the effective sound which they have. It is quite possible that if the phraseology of the advocates of educational efficiency were subjected to the tests required of freshman English, much of it would be found to be hollow and meaningless. This is no carping criticism. It deals with a phenomenon of grave importance to the whole spirit of education. For if it has been decided once and for all that instruction in our schools may embrace any aspects of contemporary life, only the most careful use of terms can prevent a rank confusion in the minds of teachers and students alike. We believe that many a course would not come into being except for the "efficient" look and sound it has when announced in a catalogue.

Upon one point at least there seems to be no doubt as to the meaning of efficiency. To be efficient our public schools must be in the highest degree democratic. They must put at the disposal of the most humbly placed the opportunities for advancement which in former days were enjoyed by pupils issuing from cultured families. The school libraries, the facilities for musical studies, and exhibitions of objects of art are services which until recently were undertaken, if at all, by the home. The duties of the home have, in fact, been more and more assumed by the school. That the movement in this direction has meant a great gain for the children of the poor no one can doubt; nor question the fact that it hastens the process of assimilating the most heterogeneous of populations. We have been particularly struck by the amount of space given in the programme to the care of backward children. The crippled, the blind or deaf, the mentally defective now have the advantage of special schools so organized as to render them efficient men and women. All this desire to democratize education represents a magnificent service, and one that must have a telling effect upon future generations. Its merits shine forth so clearly that one hesitates to point out any possible drawbacks which it may have. Yet it seems certain that the generous motive which strives to bring the functions of the home to the homeless is tending to relieve

parents of all sense of responsibility in the instruction of their children. The more the schools undertake, the more the parents shirk. The result is bound to be a levelling of minds and manners. However desirable may be the all-round attention given to children of the poor, this extreme democracy in education is sure to defeat itself unless the schools can count upon the coöperation of parents. At present the schools are, with the best intentions in the world, in much the same position as the clergyman who, when he might be interpreting Holy Writ, is telling his congregation how they should vote.

Foreign Correspondence

GALLIENI'S DEAD MARCH—THE LAND WHOSE HEARTHS HE SAVED FROM SHAME.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, June 10.

I have seen many state funerals in Paris, but none where the air seemed so charged with the deep feeling of a nation as when the dead body of General Gallieni was borne from the Invalides. It was not a spectacular procession like that for Victor Hugo. The official representation of a mighty nation's mourning, where all the organized bodies of the people advance with emblems and uniforms, is always impressive. Here the ceremonial was of the simplest; but the war weighing still over all and the present remembrance of the decisive part which the dead General had taken in the war kept the mind lifted higher than any parade. One thought was in the million souls of Paris as the procession wound endlessly along the Seine and through the length of the great city. It must be the same now in London for Kitchener.

A people's voice! we are a people yet.

O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.

The German army, seemingly invincible, sweeping the French forces before it, was at the gates of Paris in that drear September of 1914 when General Gallieni with quick decision attacked at the Ourcq and began the victory of the Marne. In these days of his death, the confession of the German general in command, von Kluck, has come to formulate clearly what every inhabitant of Paris at the time and every French citizen ever since has felt in his heart of hearts:

"I knew that General Maunoury's army, as my acquaintance with it informed me, was incapable of keeping up the fight. On the other hand, I could not deviate from the principle—taught always in all military schools—that a general commanding a fortified place or precinct has no right to take the offensive, unless against an enemy threatening him from the front. Doubtless, only one general was in existence to risk the gravest responsibilities by disregarding this

principle. It was my misfortune that Gallieni was that general."

In the French consciousness, the formula is long since under way of completion: Gallieni saved Paris and Paris saved France—and France saves Europe. The funeral has rooted more deeply than ever in the people's heart the confidence that such shall be the end of this war.

General Gallieni was a man of deeds and few words. He supplied, in his order of the day when Paris was awaiting hourly the invader's onset, what has proved to be the watchword of all France as war drags on.

"Inhabitants of Paris: The members of the Government of the Republic have left the capital to give a new impulse to the national defence.

"I have received the charge to defend Paris against the invader.

"This charge I shall fulfil to the end.—GALLIENI."

Jusqu'au bout—"to the end." It was a living word that has helped beyond all calculation to stay French hearts. With the smile breaking through their tears, they have bestowed on each other the one-party name—*Jusqu'au-boutistes*—for in this centres all their Union Sacrée.

Should the history of this war be written by one who is a real and not merely a scholastic psychologist, stress will be laid on a few elementary watchwords which have made plain their duty to the French people. The first was at the sudden, terrible call to arms—*puisqu'il le faut*—"since it must be." I heard it in the first day of mobilization from hay-makers of Savoy as they came down from the mountains to obey their country's call. When a second winter's campaign was in prospect, I translated its full sense heard in the Syndicalists' song of French workmen:

The day that Germany opened the abyss,
One and one only word, peaceful, sublime,
Was spoken by the one-minded people:

It must be.

You must depart as in Ninety-three;

You must quit your mother and your wife:

It must be.

You must quit, for atrocious war,
Your sweet little girl and your good little boy:

It must be.

You must kill to save your country

And liberty and wounded justice:

It must be.

Dear workman, put off your hope

To do away with hunger and suffering:

It must be.

Dear peasant, your wife wears herself out,

Seebing as she pushes the plough:

It must be.

Ah! well I know—sister, young brother,

Old parents—'tis hard, such misery:

It must be.

A cartoon of Forain, who is as great a patriot as he is an artist, gave another watchword which spread everywhere at the bidding of the spirit of France. Two soldiers look out over the field of battle. One says: *Pourvu qu'ils tiennent*, "Provided only they hold out." "Who?" asks the other. "Why, the civilians." The word burned into the people's conscience, and, like the soldiers, the civil population has held out. This was but a variant of General Gallieni's promise for himself—"to the end."

The second winter's fearful trial has passed and all France still holds out undaunted through the slaughter of Verdun—slaughter of more than a hundred days, such as the world has not yet known. And now all are holding out for a second hundred days and for a third winter, if needs must be.

Yes, your flesh bleeds and your heart eats itself away.
But you will hold out one year more,
If it must be.

Of late I hear one more watchword, everywhere, among all classes. It is but another variant of that to which General Gallieni gave expression at the beginning. The French are holding out to the end, and these new words give the reason why: *Il faut en finir*—"We must finish up with it."

Soldier of France, finish the work.

You must think of the great misery

Of Rheims and Arras and of the Belgian your brother,

And how, beyond, Alsace weeping awaits you:

It must be.

It is well that neutrals should once again have such words set before them, that they may not darken counsel by words without knowledge. Our own seer bade men remember:

The titanes of nations came
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below.

Ferrero, used to man's history, has just shown briefly the full reason of this enduring fire: "Within fifty years Germany has imposed four wars on Europe. This time, it is enough. At no price, for no reason, under no pretext, must this fine game begin a fifth time. Berlin must be the capital of a state disposed to live loyally in accord with other nations, and not a resort of princes and generals, merchants and grand mandarins and professors who all agree, and, secretly, continue preparing every half-century some gigantic raid to east and west into the most prosperous and richest territories of the world." To finish up with this, Gallieni wrought—to the end.

THE HYPHENATE IN HOLLAND—PEACEFUL PENETRATION.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, May 28.

The Second Chamber has lately passed into law twenty-six bills for the naturalization of as many foreigners resident in this country. The Netherlands Constitution requires for each individual case a separate act of Parliament. Formerly the Government carried bills to that effect without the slightest opposition. The Dutch are proud of their traditional hospitality, which offered a shelter to the Jews whom Philip II turned out of Spain and Portugal, and to the Huguenot refugees from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The nation has always proved itself capable of absorbing these foreign elements; the civil liberty, which elicited the envious encomium of Voltaire, gave contentment to the new-comers and made good patriots of the second generation. The country only gained by this easy access to its citizenship. The admixture of foreign blood tempered the national character, whose strong and solid virtues are counterbalanced by lack of grace and spontaneity. If restrictive regulations had barred the way to naturalization, these foreigners would have formed separate non-national colonies which in time of war might have proved dangerous focusses of discontent and intrigue.

In the present instance, however, the proposed bills were not carried without strong opposition. The twenty-six foreigners who wished to become Netherlanders were all Germans, some of whom had lived in Holland

for twenty, a few even for forty years, much longer than the law requires. A five years' residence in Holland or her colonies, and a deposit of a hundred florins at the Receivers' Office, suffice for a foreigner's naturalization. But the lessons of the war had made several members of Parliament change their opinion on the wisdom of such laxity in legislation. In belligerent countries naturalized citizens have proved themselves untrustworthy patriots, and Mr. Van Doorn, who led the Opposition in Parliament, reminded the Government of Mr. Wilson's confession "that he blushed at the thought of the many naturalized in the United States whom he thought to have become Americans, but who appeared to be foreigners." "We have a right to know the real motives of these men for requesting a change of nationality," Mr. Van Doorn said. For the majority of them, the change would simply mean a guarantee that, if Holland became involved in the war, they would not be interned or sent back to their native country. But such a motive does not make them eligible candidates for Dutch citizenship. Weightier reasons should be brought forward why Dutch nationality is preferred by them to their native one. Besides, it was argued, to refuse them their request would not be a breach of hospitality. One may be hospitable to one's guests without making them members of the family. In times such as these a strong sense of national self-respect is the safest stronghold against dangers from abroad, and it would be a reckless policy to weaken that feeling by the incorporation of foreign elements.

In spite of these adverse arguments, the majority in the Second Chamber supported the Government, rather, it seems, from a wish not to render the Cabinet's task more difficult by a defeat than in stubborn adherence to the traditions of Dutch hospitality. But it is doubtful whether this decision voices the feelings of the bulk of the nation. A cartoon by Braakensiek, drawn for *De Amsterdammer*, a very popular weekly paper, represents the Minister of Justice, accompanied by the Prime Minister, addressing the twenty-six newly created citizens in the following terms: "And now, my dear new compatriots, let us all together strike up our sweet national anthem, 'Who Holland's blood feels nobly flow, from foreign tainture free.' . . ." Whereupon the chorus of naturalized Hollanders chimes in with "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles!" And one of these raises high a mug of beer as if drinking the Kaiser's health, whose silhouette is darkly thrown upon the wall behind the Ministers' backs. The *vox populi*, as illustrated by the artist, has a truer ring than in the decision of the people's representatives.

The Opposition was actuated by a far from imaginary fear of the sense of nationalism giving way to the "pénétration pacifique" from abroad. This same solicitude led several men of light and leading to the formation of "The Patriotic Club" (*De Vaderlandsche Club*), whose task will be to organize a movement for stimulating and strengthening national self-respect and self-reliance. The Club wants to impress it upon the people that to safeguard the country's neutrality is not the chief aim of a wise and provident policy; the maintenance of our national independence ought to be our principal preoccupation. But the country's means of defence and the Government's political skill are in themselves of small account if they are not upheld by a

strong and self-asserting national spirit. The Club's manifesto called forth some angry criticism from pro-German or anxiously neutral quarters. Its patriotism was called in question, as its chief aim was evidently not the furtherance of Dutch interests, but the spread of anti-German agitation. This very reproach is a justification of the action thus attacked. If the Club's appeal to the nation to wake up to the dangers from abroad is at once understood by German protagonists to mean a cry of warning against Prussianism, their reproof implies the proof that Dutch fears and suspicions of German aims are not unfounded. But it is no fault of the Club that of the many dangers encompassing Holland the most imminent is that from the east. To be wilfully blind to this fact, from the feeble wish of maintaining a punctilious neutrality all round, would be a grave mistake, and to caution the nation against it appears to the members of the Club to be their patriotic duty.

BIRMINGHAM IN WAR TIME.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, June 8.

Against the black background of war, Birmingham stands out as a luminous vision of health, wealth, and peaceful activity. Never was the city more prosperous, its citizens more contented, its children better cared for. Never were its prisons and poorhouses so empty, its dwelling-houses and factories so full. I saw no wounded men in its streets, though it is not without its military hospitals. Khaki is very much less in evidence than in London. The crowds that throng the thoroughfares, the theatres, and the cinemas are plainly the satellites of soldiers rather than the soldiers themselves. The dominating note of the whole scene was that of prosperous industrial activity, reflected in healthy frame and decent dress, in energetic movement and air of preoccupation.

The special aspects in which the prosperity of the town manifests itself are numerous, some natural, some rather unexpected. We are hardly astonished to hear that the call for munition makers has increased the spending capacity of the working classes to such an extent that dealers in sewing-machines, upright pianos, furs, and the cheaper sorts of jewelry are hard put to it to meet the demand. But we are somewhat astonished to learn that the health of girl workers in munition factories has visibly improved during the war, owing, presumably, to the higher wages and consequent better nourishment; and this in spite of the longer hours, due to the piece-work conditions, which inflame their ambitions. And we are certainly gratified, but not surprised, to find that the sense of direct patriotic service now associated with the making of shells and cartridges has distinctly raised the social grade of the munition woman worker, who is now quite able to hold her own with the operatives in the cleaner and erstwhile more genteel occupations of making fancy articles and jewelry. If anywhere, I think we might have expected the troubles of war to obtrude disastrously into the realm of art; but the able director of the Corporation Art Gallery was able to assure me that 1915 showed not only a daily average of 800 visitors, but a long list of gifts and bequests such as paled the ineffectual fires

of many a fat year of peace. As a Londoner, shut out from the National Gallery and the British Museum, I listened with envy to his account of the visits of interested Colonial soldiers, many of them themselves architects, painters, or teachers.

As an industrial centre Birmingham has for the most part been markedly free from strikes and other forms of labor troubles. This has been preëminently the case since the war began. It may safely be asserted that Birmingham has not caused the Ministry of Munitions a single qualm; rather it is true that their hearts have beat as one. Undoubtedly one contributing cause to this Arcadian state of affairs is that Birmingham has always been predominantly the seat of the "Small Master" and of an infinite variety of trades. (It possesses upwards of 8,000 independent registered factories and workshops.) Many authorities, however, believe that another important factor in the question is the Midlands Employers' Federation, affording employment to many thousands of hands, which has succeeded in preserving the most amiable relations with its men and has negotiated and granted various rises in wages without any serious friction.

From the days of the English Civil War (when the Birmingham sword-makers supplied the Parliamentarians with 15,000 blades) down through the American Civil War (when 770,000 guns were sent from Birmingham to the United States) to the present day, Birmingham has always been of prime importance as a base of supply for the fighting man. This is not the place to go into intimate details as to the actual contribution of Birmingham towards the panoply of the British army; but even the most uninstructed layman can see that it must rank high among the hundreds of teeming hives of military industry. In being led through one enormous factory, employing 14,000 men and women, one was not in the least surprised to learn that its total output at this moment is many times greater than that of its normal figure in peace. A hundred acres of ground, formerly occupied by land used for nothing more productive than football, is now covered with huge, airy, and well-lighted halls, full of marvellous machines and their equally marvellous attendants. It was interesting to note the progressive improvement of each new factory that had been erected. While all were comfortable, the last hardly left room for any suggestion. The work of the girls (amounting in number to about 60 per cent. of the whole) was especially interesting. Most of the operations in which they were engaged were of a light and delicate nature that seemed quite appropriate to their sex; and the exquisite little silvery bullet cases and the like that they turned out seemed (apart from their deadly object) as "ladylike" in their own way as embroidery or preserves. But a few of the girls were working machines involving a muscular energy that many men might envy, and one glance at them was enough to show that they could, if need be, pass the Army Medical Board in a very high class. In the countless operations of testing and gauging, sometimes involving considerations of thousandths of an inch, the girls are found particularly efficient. A certain proportion of the men (but not a very high one) were, of course, of military age; but it was gratifying to hear that single men who had not years of expert knowledge behind them were being rapidly transferred from the mak-

ing of munitions to the using of them. One of the most interesting sections of the factory was that, defined by a barrier passed only by special credentials, in which the actual explosives were handled. The girls here wore a distinctive and honorable costume of the traditional danger-signal color, with special soft-soled shoes. The Home Office regulations for dangerous employments are very thoroughgoing, and the automatic safety appliances are of the most ingenious character.

The University of Birmingham, founded to provide systematic instruction specially adapted to practical, mechanical, and artistic requirements, "to the exclusion of mere literary education," has from its foundation in 1875 coöperated most efficiently with the municipal authorities in promoting the intelligent well-being of the community. Established, through a certain irony of fate, by a fortune made in the production of steel nibs, the instrument of that literary activity which its charter by implication deprecates, the University may be said to have, in these last twenty months, shown a magnificent example of the co-operation of press and sword. Out of a rough total of 1,000 students, half of them women, it has contributed 277 men to his Majesty's forces (not to speak of hundreds of past students, who enlisted before compulsion was introduced), and many more would have gone had not the senior medical students been requested to complete their education in order to be more useful at a later stage of the war. There is no more patriotic body in England than its teaching staff, and the military usefulness of its laboratories and workshops have been worthy of the city's reputation for industrial importance.

All in all, the city of James Watt and Joseph Chamberlain, of David Cox and Edward Burne-Jones, of Joseph Priestley and Cardinal Newman, clearly testifies to the continuing influence of its greatest men; and in war as in peace Birmingham remains one of the most characteristic manifestations of the British temperament and type.

Notes from the Capital

THE BROKEN PITCHFORK.

Of all the quaint characters who have ever sat in a legislative chamber, Senator Benjamin Ryan Tillman, of South Carolina, would probably take a high prize in a comparative contest. He looks it. A first glance at his face, rarely moved by a smile and then subject only to a sort of cynical relaxation, may leave you, if a stranger, in considerable doubt how to approach him, if it makes any difference to you with what reception your advances are to meet. When you come to know him better, you will realize that what struck you as a sinister expression is really nothing worse than a fixed muscular peculiarity, and does not necessarily mean ill will. Doubtless it is chargeable in no small measure to the difficulty he has had in adjusting his sight; one eye he lost as a young man, and the other, having performed a double duty for many years, has occasionally given him so serious trouble that he has been almost entirely blind. His voice, which is extremely nasal and prone to querulous inflections, heightens the first effect of his face.

He is a rude bit of human nature—an ele-

mental man, as it were; but a score of years in the Senate have tamed him so much that he would hardly be recognized as the same Goth who descended upon that body in 1895, with a reputation as a vicious fighter for various social and economic crankisms which he had espoused and the possessor of a wholly unbridled tongue. Everybody knew him then as "Pitchfork Ben," because, while exploiting himself on the stump as a champion of "farmers' rights," he assured his constituents that his great desire was to "punch the fat sides of Grover Cleveland with a political pitchfork." The general style of his oratory in those days was in keeping with such an ambition. Of one adversary he declared, "He's a big piece of mutton, and I want to chaw him some"; of another, "I wish the whole ticket were lawyers, for I can lick a cow-pen full of them"; and of a third, "If he doesn't have a grassy row to hoe between here and Greenville, then I'm a nigger!" These are specimen excerpts, purged of the petty profanities which pervaded his speeches, and for which he once apologized thus to a young woman missionary who had reproved him: "Those bad words are my safety-valve. All men must have one vice as an outlet for the Old Adam in them. The gambler, the drunkard, the tobacco-user injure their health, wear out their brains, and often squander on their vices the money needed by their families. My damning doesn't wear me out physically or mentally, and morally it does me good by helping to work off a bad temper. I assure you, my dear young lady, I made a careful comparison of the whole list of vices before I chose one for myself."

Though he is still a trifle pungent at times in his oratory, he has learned to express his thoughts without all the old vulgar embellishments. The late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, probably deserved more credit than any one else for bringing this change about. Tillman, in spite of his boasted contempt for aristocracy, was always quick to discover the stamp of the genuine thing which nature rather than society had placed on some men, and Hoar typified to him the real "quality." Hoar, on his part, regarded Tillman very much as an entomologist might regard an interesting new species of buzzing and biting insect; and Tillman's undisguised homage led him to undertake a little reformatory work by suggesting lines of reading which would improve the style of the uncouth Carolinian. Tillman followed his counsel, and asked for more. One day he and Hoar got into a colloquy during a Senate debate, and to every one's astonishment, Tillman banded back and forth with his learned adversary all kinds of quotations from erudite authorities, till one of the other Senators interrupted with a humorous remonstrance against Tillman's robbing Hoar of his laurels as a scholar.

"I can't help it," retorted Tillman; "I got all my points out of the books he told me to read."

Tillman is now in the midst of his fourth term as a Senator. It seems unlikely that he will enter upon a fifth, though he may wish to. He is nearly seventy years old, he is thought to be not so strong in his State as he was a while ago, his bodily powers show markedly the effect of age, and there are reported to be some younger South Carolinians who think his toga would be about their size. The combination may prove too much for any yearnings he still cherishes.

TATTLER

The Old Education and the New

By PAUL E. MORE.

Soon after the death of the first rector of St. Paul's a handsome eulogy of his character as man and teacher was printed in *Horæ Scholastica*, the official organ of the school, and now one of his early pupils has published in book form a biography* which may be regarded as an expansion of the earlier sketch.

Henry Augustus Colt was born at Wilmington, Del., in 1830, but was taken, while still an infant, to Plattsburgh, N. Y., where his father had been appointed rector of Trinity Church. At the age of fifteen he went to Dr. Muhlenberg's School at Flushing, L. I., and later, for a while, studied at the University of Pennsylvania. After a winter spent in the South for his health, he was made assistant professor of the ancient languages in St. James's College, Maryland. His next move was to the headship of a parish school at Lancaster, Pa., but he soon surrendered this place to become an active priest of the Episcopal Church. In 1856 St. Paul's School was founded at Concord, N. H., by a group of Boston men, of whom Dr. George Cheyne Shattuck was the leading spirit, and Dr. Colt undertook to organize and administer the new venture. Land and buildings he had, and a free hand was allowed him to develop a system of education to his taste; for salary he was to depend on the fees of scholars. As the school opened with only three boys, his position must have been modest enough at the beginning; but the power and single-mindedness of the man were quickly felt, and when he died, in 1895, the institution had attained to about the size of Dr. Arnold's Rugby, and enjoyed in this country a somewhat similar reputation.

The likeness of his influence to that of Dr. Arnold has, indeed, been often pointed out, and in the first enthusiasm after his loss one serious journal, the *Churchman*, did not hesitate to pronounce him even a greater man. Yet it would be idle to maintain that he had anything like the personal attainments of the historian of Rome; his own training was too desultory for that, and the tradition of American life would have given him no encouragement for such devotion to learning. Nor did he play any such active part in directing the religious and intellectual opinions of the people; in this, too, he would have been hampered by the provincialism of America at that time—or at the present, one must add—even supposing that he had possessed the fighting temperament of his predecessor. But in his own way and to the degree permit-

ted him Dr. Colt stood for very much the same ideas in education that we associate with the headmaster of Rugby.

To Arnold the work of a school was summed up under these three heads, and in this order of importance: "First, religious and moral principles; secondly, gentlemanly conduct; thirdly, intellectual ability." To attain this end he looked to the influence of the boys one upon another almost as much as to the direct instruction of the masters, and, accordingly, he was rigid in his determination to exclude the vicious and the lazy. "Till a man learns," he said, "that the first, second, and third duty of a schoolmaster is to get rid of unpromising subjects, a great public school will never be what it might be, and what it ought to be." The very sincerity of his liberalism confirmed him in this principle of exclusiveness, for in a free state above all it seemed to him necessary that there should be seminaries of true leadership. In the formation of character he thought that the training and guidance of the will were essential, and that the limitations of human intelligence should not be forgotten. Thus, to a person distressed by skeptical doubts he once wrote. "I am satisfied that all speculations of the kind in question are to be repressed by the will. . . . I mean speculations turning upon things wholly beyond our reach, and where the utmost conceivable result cannot be truth, but additional perplexity. Such must be the question as to the origin and continual existence of moral evil." There was something of Socratic clarity and directness in his humanism. Though himself a lover of mountain and lake, and a warm friend and admirer of Wordsworth, capable of winning spiritual comfort from the scenery about Fox How, his country home near Rydal, he yet turned with sturdy commonsense from the exaggerations of the nature cult. He avowed his inability to "enter fully into these lines of Wordsworth—

To me the meanest flower that breathes can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

He felt something "morbid" in them, for "life is not long enough to take such intense interest in objects themselves so little." It was, therefore, no mere dull adherence to tradition or dread of change (in many things he had the iconoclastic spirit of a reformer), but the logic of his whole view of life, that made him from the first, and increasingly so with experience, a conservative in the matter of the school curriculum. Against science he had no narrow prejudice, but he held that in the formative years of a boy's life it should not encroach on the time needed for training of a humanistic sort. By the time his own sons were ready for education the question was becoming vital, and brought from him this rather whimsical statement:

If one might wish for impossibilities, I might then wish that my children might be well versed in physical science, but in due subordination to the fulness and freshness of

**Henry Augustus Colt, First Rector of Saint Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire.* By James Carter Knox, Master and Former Scholar at Saint Paul's. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

their knowledge on moral subjects. This, however, I believe cannot be; and physical science, if studied at all, seems too great to be studied *in rapidity*: wherefore, rather than have it the principal thing in my son's mind, I would gladly have him think that the sun went round the earth, and that the stars were so many spangles set in the bright blue firmament.

When he began teaching, Arnold seems to have upheld the classics mainly for disciplinary purposes, and indeed of their value in this respect he never doubted. In what he called his "old age" (he did not pass his forty-seventh birthday) he even became "more and more a convert" to the drill of writing Latin verse, which at first he had regarded as "one of the most contemptible prettinesses of the understanding"; and he grew to be firmly convinced of the mnemonic and other advantages of keeping grammars in the Latin tongue. But he learned also to see much in the classics besides a gymnastic exercise. As, year after year, he brought to them successive generations of fresh minds, he came to understand better their importance as a depository of human experience, and as a forum where, "with a perfect abstraction from those particular names and associations which are forever blissing our judgment in modern and domestic instances, the great principles of all political questions, whether civil or ecclesiastical, are perfectly discussed and illustrated, with entire freedom, with most attractive eloquence, and with profoundest wisdom."

To all of these principles, enunciated and applied by Arnold during his rule at Rugby, Dr. Coit would have given hearty assent. He, too, had a fierce faith in the classics and the Greek Testament as the sufficient pillars of education; he, too, saw in them the wisdom of the world and of heaven, and was more concerned that his boys should be indoctrinated into this double wisdom than that they should acquire any control of material forces. His great fame as a master is due less to his success in driving a specific amount of knowledge into boys' heads—though of this duty he was by no means negligent—than to the personal domination which "left a subtle moral deposit in the hearts of 3,000 young Americans." And this ethical leaning made itself felt not only in his hostility to the introduction of science into the curriculum, but in the whole management of the institution. That "blessed word Efficiency," as Wells calls it, had no place in his vocabulary, and it has been said that "St. Paul's School of the first forty years was a place unscientifically organized but splendidly administered." In everything religious and moral principles came first, gentlemanly conduct second, and intellectual ability third. Education was directed, and successfully directed, to the production of the Christian gentleman.

This, it need scarcely be observed, is not quite the rule of the present day, and it is very much worth while to ask what we

have gained and what we have lost in the change from the old to the new education. Of the change itself the significant fact is that, in accordance with the temper of the Anglo-Saxon people, it has been of the nature of a compromise, induced more by unintelligent yielding to the pressure of events than by the clear perception of a goal. The conscious effort to create the Christian gentleman imbued with the wisdom of experience and the wisdom of revelation has been pretty generally abandoned, but it cannot be said that a very precise conception of the aim of scientific efficiency has taken its place. The truth is rather, I fear, that the schools have just reached a state of muddled suspension, hovering in their discipline between a vague reminiscence of the older ideal and a no less vague desire of utilitarian success. We are drifting, but the direction of this drift is undoubtedly towards that model of efficiency which has been worked out to perfection by the unfaltering diligence of the Prussians.

Now, we must not be deceived by the fact that the curriculum of the German *Gymnasium* has been based on the classics quite as fully as in the English or the older American school of the Anglican type. By the side of this training Germany has developed an organized system of scientific investigation far beyond anything in England or even in America. And the classics themselves, from the very beginning of the past century, have been studied in a spirit entirely different from that which guided such typical masters as Arnold and Coit. It would carry us too far afield to analyze and illustrate this difference in detail, but the gist of the matter will be recognized by any one familiar with the vast body of classical theses printed in Germany when we say that the order of interest there is exactly the reverse of the Arnoldian scheme. The German school and university have looked first for intellectual ability, and only subordinately for gentlemanly conduct and moral principles. The classics to the German scholar have been primarily an instrument for sharpening the ingenuity of his brain; he has been very much occupied with sifting the data of tradition and with erecting on these data huge schemes of interpretation, and he has been comparatively little concerned with the effect of his interpretation on conduct and character. More than that, it is a fact, which no student of, for example, the Homeric or the Platonic literature will be likely to deny, that the typical *Gelehrter* has shown an extraordinary indifference to the relation between his accumulation of data and his superstructure of theory. His academic rank is determined either on the one hand by the brute mass of his learning or on the other hand by the originality and scope of his theory as a piece of intellectual legerdemain. Naturally, the humdrum virtue of reproducing a true interpretation does not strongly appeal to him, or, if he considers it at all, it is in the spirit of this characteristic utterance of

Gustav Teichmüller: "I entirely agree with the judgment [of Willamowitz-Moellendorf], since I too am capable of valuing the service of vigorous errors, through which more is accomplished than through the truth seen in a mist" ("Literarische Fehden," p. 57, note). Philology in Germany is one of the sciences, and, like any other science, aims at quantitative results and the truth of efficiency. Education is in the spirit of the Lutheran *Pecca fortiter*, of the man who strives for intellectual ability in the terms of success, of the Prussian soldier of to-day fighting for victory at any cost and by the use of any means; it is the very opposite of everything which Arnold and Coit held precious.

Here, I take it, is the real issue between the old and the new education, whether we shall cling to what is left us of the ideal of the gentleman scholar, even, if possible, returning some way on the path we have taken, or shall press onward in the direction of scientific efficiency. We may admit at once certain unnecessary weaknesses in the older scheme as it was formulated by Arnold and Coit. No doubt, the admonition to suppress troublesome speculations was not intended by Arnold to justify a kind of obscurantism. He himself was so keenly aware of this temptation of his countrymen that he used to lament "in all the English divines [except Butler and Hooker] a want of believing, or disbelieving, anything because it is true or false." Nevertheless, his precept is open to grave abuse, and it would not be hard to point to traces in his own mind of the national dread of coming to close grips with naked ideas in simple reliance on the efficacy of truth. And Coit, notwithstanding the vigor of his mind, showed even more antipathy to free inquiry. An amusing illustration of this is shown in his attitude towards a notorious crux of philology. "He would," we are told, "gravely accept such a statement as that Hannibal used vinegar to melt the rocks lying in his way over the Alps; for the word, was it not 'acetum,' and was not 'acetum' a Latin word, and was not the assertion in Livy? That was enough to quiet any latent skepticism." This sturdiness of faith is both the virtue and the vice of Anglo-Saxon education, a virtue in so far as it springs from a recognition of the prime importance of will and character, a vice in so far as it indicates a readiness to acquiesce in indolent and cloudy thinking. There is no reason why we should not at least endeavor in this matter to retain the strength and put away the weakness of our tradition. We should all agree that truth must be faced with open, fearless eyes. But still the issue is not plain in practice, however it may appear in theory; for, alas, we have not yet solved that query of the ancient Roman: What is truth? Shall we set our eyes on truth as it shows itself in character and conduct, and to this end base our education on the humanities, or shall we magnify the truth of efficiency, aiming at the power to get re-

sults, and so direct education to the scientific method of the Germans?

The question is not simple, nor is the answer easy; far from it. The products of these two systems are to-day testing each other in the battlefield, and we ask ourselves, with a shudder perhaps, what the outcome would be if England were arrayed alone against her foe. For myself at least, I cannot suppress a doubt whether, in the present vast development of scientific knowledge, a man whose first interest is in the things of the spirit and the niceties of honor does not suffer a terrible disadvantage in competition with one who has trained himself relentlessly for the control of material forces and made to himself a god of Efficiency. Has our "progress" left any place in the sun for the gentleman scholar? He may resolve this doubt who has a clearer insight and a stronger faith than I pretend to have.

Vocational and Occupational Education in New York City

By JOHN MARTIN.

CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON VOCATIONAL EDUCATION OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Everybody is agreed that a certain amount of vocational education is desirable. Nobody knows exactly how to give it. "Prepare the children for practical life" is the order of the parents, and particularly of the business world. But precisely what changes are necessary to prepare better for practical life is as yet unknown. Experiment! experiment! experiment! is therefore the rule. But let not the experiments affect the efficiency of the classroom instruction in the staple subjects. For the industrial work, being on trial, may not meet the expectations of its advocates, and the known good must not be sacrificed until something else has been proven to be better.

New York city is testing a variety of methods and will probably retain some features from all of them. With its 800,000 pupils and its multitudinous, complex manufacturing and commercial life, it is finding that no single plan of industrial education will meet all needs. No one course can be adapted to the hundreds of occupations which offer work to its school graduates.

First, it is desirable to give a practical turn to the instruction of the children in the grammar grades, putting them so far as possible in touch with the conditions of work-a-day life, giving them the knowledge of wood and iron, of paint and electric wiring, of tools and machines, of soils and plants, which the farmer's boy acquired as a matter of course as he helped his father with the chores. City life has robbed the child of the chances to get acquainted with the concrete materials and processes by which the world is kept going. Girls do not help their mother with the milking and the

butter-making, they cannot dig in the garden, cultivate their own flower patches, run around in the hay fields, make their own dresses and hats at home, and cook and serve the meals during harvest for the hired hands. The realm of books to which the school introduces them is not supplemented with the realm of things which is equally important. Study is not balanced by work. So the city child, in the traditional school, is not fully educated.

To rectify this defect, New York city is introducing the work-study-and-play system of school organization which has been most fully developed by Mr. William Wirt at Gary, Ind. When Mr. Wirt was engaged to advise on the changes needed in New York for the introduction of this system, the authorities were at their wits' ends to find the funds for seating all the school children. About 140,000 boys and girls were not getting a full day's schooling of five hours. Buildings were unduly congested. More millions of dollars than could be found would have been necessary to furnish a reserved seat for each child, although the city had spent lavishly in the last decade and was willing to give generously of its resources for new sites and buildings. The tens of millions to which Father Knickerbocker was committed for new subways limited narrowly the amount available for schools. If, therefore, in addition to supplying the old-fashioned school seat, the city was to furnish workshops, playgrounds, gardens, auditoriums, kitchens, home economic apartments, and the like, the answer came, "It can't be done." The funds simply could not be found, without passing the constitutional limit both as to bonding the city and as to the maximum tax-rate.

But, fortunately, Mr. Wirt had faced similar limitations and had realized that, if the school curriculum were to be continually enriched, economies must be discovered. While parsimony in school expenditures is bad policy, wastefulness in school expenditures is also bad policy. When the school system was the Cinderella among the city departments, and politicians, often ignorant and corrupt, granted it appropriations only after everything else had been attended to, it was the custom for friends of the schools to regard every added expenditure as a gain. But that day has long since passed in New York. The size of the appropriation is not necessarily a measure of the good that is done. When forty millions a year are available, waste and prodigality creep in, unless the school administrators are compelled continuously to seek ways of doing the work just as well at less cost. But to school people the idea of stricter economy, of devising cheaper ways of accomplishing the same object, of thinking up a more effective use of existing facilities, comes no more easily than it does to other people. Mr. Wirt had created for himself, in effect, the position of efficiency engineer for school systems. He had worked out, through numerous experiments, extending over many years, a plan for supplying the

modern requirements for making city schools meet the all-round needs of the children without appreciably increasing the cost. And, as to the supply of accommodations for giving a full school day, he could actually show a substantial saving.

No wonder, then, that the authorities of New York city, harassed by a shortage of money which threatened to get worse as the construction of the subways proceeded, welcomed Mr. Wirt as a deliverer. A better education at less cost for new buildings was a programme which needed no expert salesman to recommend it. This economy is produced by putting the classroom seat to a double use each day. When workshops, auditoriums, school gardens, and generous playgrounds were unknown in city schools, the lads and lasses, perforce, sat in their seats almost the livelong day. But as the extra facilities were added they began to leave their seats during certain periods, and so the classroom seat got less and less use. At the same time the workshop and auditorium were not fully employed. Often a splendid auditorium was empty as a tomb three-fourths of the time, and the playgrounds as deserted as Sahara except for two or three hours out of the twenty-four. The solution, once suggested, seemed so obvious that people wondered why school superintendents hadn't all thought of it together. Simply arrange the school programme so that one set of children can be in the classroom, while another set, equally large, is in the auditorium, workshop, playground, library, and park. Thus you get a duplicate school and can fully accommodate 50 or 60 per cent. more children with the same outlay, giving to each a far better school than the children of a previous generation enjoyed.

At first the Board of Education sanctioned the organization of Public School 45, The Bronx, and Public School 89, Brooklyn, under Mr. Wirt's direction. But as annexes to cost \$220,000 were needed in these cases before the system could be put into full operation, and the congestion in the Bronx schools was so bad as to brook no delay in rectifying it, the Board, with the unanimous approval of the Board of Superintendents, adopted Mr. Wirt's report for the reorganization of a group of twelve additional schools in The Bronx, at a further cost of \$620,000. This considerable outlay was for new sites, annexes, alterations, and equipment.

Acquiring sites and erecting annexes takes time, and as yet only seven of the twelve schools are operating on the duplicate plan. While this work of remodelling the buildings was proceeding, active discussion upon the merits of the duplicate plan continued, sometimes unhappily biased by political partisanship. But the Board of Education, without distinction of party, showed an unusual openmindedness, while the Board of Superintendents, despite their doubt as to whether any good thing could come out of Nazareth, displayed a professional breadth of mind highly creditable.

Everybody was agreed that, without deciding that the duplicate plan was better than the plan of furnishing a reserved seat and a reserved workshop bench and auditorium place for each pupil—if funds would allow—the duplicate school was superior to the makeshift, part-time system which, in our city, it was superseding; and that, under actual conditions, the lavish provision of every kind which a few private schools make is an unrealizable dream for our children unless we adopt some form of the duplicate school idea.

In April, 1916, after prolonged consideration, the Board of Superintendents unanimously recommended that the Board of Education should request an appropriation of \$4,002,195 in order to complete the reorganization of the situation in The Bronx (including a new building), to extend the duplicate system to two more schools in The Bronx, to reorganize schools in two districts in Manhattan and in four districts in Brooklyn, besides one school in Queens; in all, thirty-five additional schools were to be organized on a duplicate-school plan. Its report was adopted by the Board of Education with only one dissenting vote.

Then the miraculous happened. For the first time in recorded history the Board of Estimate decided to give the Board of Education more than it asked. On May 19 it voted, in addition to various amounts for high-school purpose, \$5,106,222 "for the purpose of altering old school buildings, acquiring new sites or additions to existing sites, and constructing new buildings or additions to old buildings in the more congested sections of the city, to the end that part-time and double-session classes may be abolished, unsatisfactory and emergency classrooms and buildings abandoned, oversized classes reduced, and expected growth in population provided for through the adoption of a duplicate-school plan of organization."

Thus New York city is fully committed to a reorganization, which may cost altogether twenty million dollars, but which will rid the city of the long-standing disgrace of part-time and offer a modernized education in a modernized building to its army of children.

So much has been done to supply that occupational activity for children in the grammar grades which is a general preparation for life and is particularly valuable to that majority which will work with its hands for a livelihood.

Next above that stage comes the more intensive vocational training of the children in the seventh and eighth grades which is supplied in the five Ettinger schools. Here each pupil may, if he chooses, spend three hours a day in well-equipped shops, ten weeks being given to each shop, in order both to acquire manual dexterity at plumbing, electric wiring, woodworking, machine-shop practice, sheet-metal working, millinery, dressmaking, novelty-working, household economics, and the like, and to discover aptitudes which will indicate what trade to follow permanently.

It is a moot point whether three hours a day is not an excessive amount for a seventh-year pupil to spend in the shop, even though the school day be lengthened to six hours. Probably in each of these schools a ninth year will be added in 1917, and the shop practice be reduced for the seventh and eighth grades and concentrated more upon the ninth grade. Finally, a tenth year may be added, and the schools thus be converted into intermediate schools, to which pupils may go who expect to enter manual occupations, and cannot take a full high-school course.

At the top of the Garyized schools a high-school crown may also be placed in order to meet the needs of the rapidly increasing number who graduate from the grammar school one or two years before they can be employed for wages. In Gary the high school is housed under the same roof with the elementary school, and the artificial break at the eighth year is avoided. Ultimately, some schools of that kind may be organized in New York. Every scheme for relieving the deplorable conditions of the high schools must be utilized.

What further may be done for vocational education? Shall specific trades be taught? The answer cannot be dogmatic. But experience in the Vocational School for Boys has shown that some trades can be taught and that many boys seek the teaching, while the Manhattan Trade School for Girls has demonstrated that hundreds of young girls who must enter semi-skilled occupations are glad to increase their earning power by taking courses for nine and twelve months in factory trades. Since the children who can remain at school to the age of seventeen or eighteen receive the expensive high-school course, it is but just to offer the less favored children who must leave at sixteen or earlier a shorter course to prepare for their chosen career. Garyized and Ettinger schools will hardly eliminate the need for distinctively trade schools, though the trades which can profitably be taught in school are so few that the number of such schools will be narrowly limited. A few, however, are urgently required. In 1916 we opened the Brooklyn Vocational School for Boys, and it was overcrowded within a month or two. We plan to extend it in 1917. The Murray Hill School, though inadequately equipped, has also proved very popular and efficient.

For the children of fourteen to sixteen who have gone to work, continuation classes have been started, especially in department stores and hotels. Usually, in these classes, the pupils are taught the ordinary school subjects two hours a day in the employer's time. For arithmetic the pupils make out bills; for writing, they copy addresses; they spell the words they must daily use, and any history or geography is connected with the goods they handle. The Board of Education is considering a considerable extension of the continuation classes by the exercise of its legal power to compel attendance for four hours a week when once it has established the classes. Thus, those thou-

sands of children who go to work without completing the grammar grades will add a further modicum of academic instruction to the meagre vocational training which they are getting in the semi-skilled and unskilled places they fill. A few continuation classes are held for apprentices in skilled machine occupations who attend for one hour in their own time, and another hour in the employer's time.

I have said that few trades, relatively, can be taught completely in schools. Gainful occupations are so multifarious, the equipment which a learner must handle is so costly and changes so fast, trades are so unstable and learners are so scattered (many establishments having only one boy or girl helper), that classes and schools would be too expensive to equip, and often too small to justify the engagement of a teacher. So the coöperative plan is being tried, under which about 540 high-school pupils of the second and higher years are arranged in pairs and work in alternate weeks in shop, office, store, or factory, being paid for their work at ordinary apprentice rates. Thus the school is under no necessity to equip itself with elaborate machinery, and the pupil, while continuing the high-school education, is initiated into the mysteries of a skilled occupation. Coördinators, selected high-school teachers, arrange plans of work for both shop and school, that the pupil may not be exploited by the employer nor the employer be defrauded by the pupil. Many difficulties have been encountered in the installation of this novel plan, difficulties which show that, like the other forms of vocational training, its application is limited. It cannot be expected that, permanently, a boy or girl can do as much study in half the school-time as others do in full time. Therefore, progress at the normal rate is impossible. Employers are under constant temptation to consider the coöperative pupils as cheap helpers and to neglect to teach them different processes month by month. It is already clear that the coöperative plan does not offer a royal road to the universal industrial training even of those boys and girls who can afford, with its help, to go through high school, though it is valuable in selected cases.

In all the schools which are equipped with workshops, both elementary and high, evening classes are also held, to enable those who are employed during the day to widen their knowledge of trade. Scores of short courses are offered, the instruction is given by experienced workmen, and amateurism is discouraged. Though a few students have managed, through evening classes, to change their trade, the great majority improve themselves at the trade they already practice.

Altogether, though New York is not satisfied with its industrial education and each month extends and improves it, yet the amount that is accomplished compares favorably with the work done in any other American city.

The Gary System

A SUMMARY AND A CRITICISM.

By H. deW. FULLER.

It is unfortunate that no advocate of the Gary system can be found who will speak of it in terms of anything but unqualified approval. So if we are to accept at its face value the latest sympathetic appraisal,* we must conclude that the problem of public education in this country has been definitely solved. The outworn cultural plan upon which, in recent years, was grafted a system which made for both greater diversity and a somewhat utilitarian purpose, is now eclipsed by an educational philosophy which at heart is said to be cultural and in its workings utilitarian. The secret of the Gary plan lies, we are told, in the fact that students learn by doing. Book learning is of no value in itself; it must justify itself in the laboratory or in some other arena of everyday life. In a word, this system is supposed to impart to the acquisition of knowledge the intense interest which a pioneer must have in adjusting himself to a new environment and in overcoming the difficulties which it presents.

Superintendent Wirt, of the Gary Schools, conveniently visualizes his aims by asserting that his system reproduces in the city the spirit of the country town, where children, by helping with the work of the farm, learned much that was practical, besides undergoing the routine training at school. In the parallel should be included the heterogeneous activities of the old village church. For the purpose of the new educational order is to provide a group of buildings which shall be a social as well as an educational centre. By a lengthening of the school day, children are kept from the streets, and because the plant is open in the evenings parents are attracted to night classes, and they may also bring their children, who are free either to attend the lectures or to play about the halls and grounds. Further, an auditorium, which is an important factor in the system, is at the disposal, in off-hours, of any members of the community who wish to thresh out issues pertaining to civic improvement or other phases of the community's life. As students of all classes from the kindergarten through the high-school grades are housed in the same building, it will be seen that any given school at Gary actively symbolizes almost the entire range of interests of the whole city.

Mr. Shaw has said, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." By this token, we may conclude that there is very little teaching, at least of the old-fashioned sort, at Gary. Teachers, it appears, are to a large extent merely helpers; even the little children in the kindergarten are doing all manner of things. Yet no one should fancy that this

emphasis put upon doing implies an absorption in the present. Ancient history and ancient languages are taught; only they are not studied for the discipline which has usually been held to be their main value, but for the service which they render here and now. So I am told that the value of Latin is graphically set forth on bulletin boards. One series of ingenious lessons has to do with the planning of cities, starting with Athens and including Rome, mediæval England and the Continent, South America, Modern Europe, and America. The comparison is vitalized by contrasting other places, ancient and modern, with the site of Gary. Through its great diversity of interests, the system at Gary is enabled to illustrate the bearings on actual life of whatever subject is studied. If it is mechanics, the numerous workshops are there for the purpose. If it is mathematics or drawing, the students have a chance to apply their learning by making the specifications for the various renovations which are often necessary. They have experience in accounting by managing for a certain period the school store. They decorate the rooms, make desks and benches, learn history by constructing maps, and, owing to the absence of any sharp lines of demarcation among the grades (thus small children are helpers to older children and are constantly moving about in shops and laboratories), the students are supposed to discover not only that all knowledge can be applied, but that its various branches are clearly correlated.

One of the great merits of the Gary system, especially for overcrowded centres, is the economy with which it can accommodate a large number of pupils. The appeal on this side is so strong that it is likely to be installed in many parts of the country unless large flaws on the educational side can be discovered. The defects of other systems are admittedly serious. The cultural system, which was good in itself, has been largely vitiated by the continual addition to the curricula of "practical" courses. Whereas at Gary it is said that no subject of knowledge is regarded in itself as superior to any other, in most public schools utilitarian courses have a lure which book-learning pure and simple cannot hope for. The Gary system possesses the advantage of having reorganized knowledge consistently from one point of view, which is that all knowledge can be shown to be vital, since it can be applied. One can easily understand what it means to ambitious children of the poor and to their parents to be set in a community which is Argus-eyed and where every eye has a hand to do its bidding. It is not difficult to see how by such means an intellectual curiosity can be created comparable to a small boy's interest in the workings of a country blacksmith shop. For Gary is not an industrial school in the sense of directing a given student to a definite vocation, and hence constraining interest at too early an age, the idea being to prepare him for any one of a number of vocations. During much the greater part of his career a

student at Gary watches and participates in the great, broad spectacle of applied knowledge; it is only in the later of the high-school grades that he may concentrate severely. "The Gary curriculum," says Mr. Bourne, "seems to represent a determined effort to break down the distinction between the 'utilitarian' and the 'cultural'."

One of the serious conditions with which the Gary system attempts to cope is that illustrated by the fact that "of the children who begin the American public school, only one-fifth ever reach even the first year of the high school." The feeling is that the other four-fifths should receive a more fundamental as well as a broader training than that provided by the primary and grammar grades. As the great majority of these unfortunates will soon enter industrial life, Gary tries also to inculcate into them a certain amount of Yankee resourcefulness and self-reliance. In Gary itself, as is the case in New York city, the problem is sharpened by the presence of many pupils either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents, and it is believed that the system is in itself a real melting-pot.

To this extent at least Gary has been eminently successful. Whether taken as a whole it is the best system which can be devised for this country is another question. One cannot read Mr. Bourne's book or the chapters on Gary by Professor Dewey, of whom Superintendent Wirt was formerly a pupil, without sensing some speciousness. The language used has much the same smoothness, even unctuousness, which on the tongues of ordinary pedagogues has often degenerated into cant. So Mr. Bourne says: "Studies are taught also with as much bearing as possible on the social activities of the larger city community. The subject-matter in the history and geography classes is really 'The Sociological World We Live In,' and textbooks, histories, atlases, globes, newspapers, and magazines become the reference sources and the materials for understanding that world." "Sociological" is a word to conjure with these days; it is also a very tricky word, and will remain so just so long as sociology is made to include nearly every human activity under the sun. And it is beyond question that no little mischief is done to boys and girls by teachers not competent to generalize about society. Herein lies the crux of the whole matter. Gary will not be strictly utilitarian; it will not be cultural in the sense of being bookish. Yet to fuse the two requires a teacher of marked talent. Now I am told that the teachers at Gary are not chosen for exceptional ability; the educational machinery of the plant is said to be so carefully thought out that even mediocre instructors can keep it running. Many are bound to doubt this. Children cannot with profit teach themselves sociology, a subject which can be taught only by a person possessed of mature common-sense. And this criticism will hold for many other subjects in the case of which the attempt is made to apply theory to life. Admitting that a great genius could extract from the system at Gary revolution-

*The Gary Schools. By Randolph S. Bourne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.15 net.

ary benefits, the question remains whether the danger of hasty application is sufficiently avoided. The system is confronted by the following dilemma. By attempting to be both cultural and utilitarian, it may furnish students with thumb-screw theories; that is to say, it may give the impression that there are no bridgeless gulfs between theory and practice. Or by avoiding altogether the spheres where theory and practice do not coincide, it will become strictly utilitarian in spite of itself.

One cannot be sure that a proper function of education is not to dwell more on theory than on practice. Nor can one be sure that the mind is not better helped to right ways of thinking by drill in mere book-learning than it is by constant illustration from everyday life. By the latter process, learning can, it is true, be vitalized; but if it thus contains grievous errors, its very vividness, especially in the minds of the young, makes for long-standing confusion. The human interests of any community are not cold facts which can be sorted out by the amateur. They are a complex of exact science overlaid with generous impulses, personal aspirations and jealousies, and a psychology which only a master can disentangle. Is it desirable that youth should be set to solving the large problems of the country? Is it not better that they should buckle down to the tasks of mental discipline while their minds are in the most formative period?

The question just touched on goes to the heart of the educational systems which have been handed down for centuries. Nor is it difficult to present the merits of the older order. The very retirement from the practical world which children in the past enjoyed gave their subsequent approach to the business of life a freshness which it would be a pity to lose. The schools at Gary are an almost complete microcosm. Small children go through the motions of their elders in forming committees for civic betterment and all the other pressing problems. The boast is that by the time a student leaves Gary he has already qualified as a real American citizen. It is at least true that life holds no shocks for him, for he has been taught just what to expect. But there is a great danger that worldly-wise products of Gary will be little old men and women before their time. For it stands to reason that the disillusion comes too soon. The period when mental sturdiness should be forming is obviously not the proper time for a youth to ease off his thought so as to adjust it to the various compromises which life requires. Better far that a boy's mind should be rigid than that it should be too flexible.

The Gary system has been thrust to the fore at a critical period in the history of this country, and the very nicety with which it appears to respond to present tendencies should make one the more suspicious of it as a cure-all. At a time when the excesses of the "uplift" movement have resulted in a general letting down of the sense of individual responsibility on the part

of the victims of economic pressure, Mr. Wirt proposes a plan in which discipline is almost entirely relaxed. The assumption at Gary is that a child knows better what is good for him than the teacher. He is set tasks in which he is by nature interested. It is the child who virtually educates himself. For his benefit an elaborate machinery is put in motion with which he is supposed to carve out his destiny. Every conceivable device—including an hour each day for "expression," when his inner nature receives free play—is used to keep the pupil's interest from flagging. Interest got by such means seems dearly bought indeed.

The time has come when our cities must decide the question whether it is not premature to set aside the admonition of Bacon, who, writing "Of Parents and Children," said: "And let them [the parents] not too much apply themselves to the disposition of their children, as thinking they will take best to that which they have most mind to." One must judge of children, Professor Dewey to the contrary notwithstanding, by one's self, and every adult knows that there are numerous occasions when he must lash his listlessness into subjection. Only by the hardest sort of self-discipline can an adult sometimes push to completion a task which all along he has known was worth the doing. Can children of themselves be expected to have this persistence? Not unless human nature can be utterly changed. If this persistence, the willingness to persevere in the face of difficult and unpleasant problems, is not inculcated in childhood, there is little hope for the mental fibre of the future. Hard-mindedness is one of the great needs of the age. Is it reasonable to suppose that it can be produced by a system which is in large measure the outgrowth of kindergarten methods?

Tenders of the Lamp

By STANLEY WENT.

Not the least among the unsung heroes of the war are the schoolmasters of England, and doubtless of other belligerent countries as well. From their ranks practically all of fighting age and physical ability had gone to the army long before the introduction of the Compulsory Service act. There remain to keep the lamp of education burning the headmasters and their assistants, past military age or physically disqualified for service. One hears very little of them, and—even if that were their way, which it is not—they are far too busy about the daily task to proclaim from the housetops their devotion to an ideal, too single-minded to be actively conscious themselves of the important part that they are playing in the war. Yet their task is herculean. Always and everywhere a body of men overworked and underpaid, they must now double their work to make good the gaps in their ranks that remain unfilled, and somehow they must adjust modest incomes to meet new economic conditions. This is their part in the war, to see to it that great traditions shall not perish from the schools, and that

the orderly training of the younger generation to practice the arts of peace shall continue uninterrupted by the alarms of war.

I get personal glimpses of the task and the manner of its performance in letters from a headmaster. For forty years he has governed one of the great grammar schools of England, a school of six hundred boys, and some thirty or forty assistant masters, from which year by year has gone out to Oxford and Cambridge and the medical schools of the country a constant procession of promising scholars. Now they all go to the army, returning, after their months of training, smart, upstanding young fellows in khaki, to say good-by to the "Head" before leaving for the front. That so many of them do not return is a grief that my correspondent keeps locked in his own bosom, in that holy of holies where is guarded faithfully each individual name that figures on the school's long and ever-mounting roll of honor. What he tells me in his letters is of those who come back on leave, and there are few such who do not revisit the familiar sanctum, which often holds painful and unpleasant associations of the past. "Young Jenkins dropped in to see me the other day to show me his D.S.O. He is invalided home, but expects to go back in a few weeks. He is a captain now in the engineers, and seems to have done a very creditable piece of work. He was a troublesome boy at school. He said he remembered my room very well." Former interviews between Jenkins and the headmaster had evidently lacked cordiality—but Jenkins brings his D.S.O. to show the "Head," and British officers are often shy about exhibiting their decorations.

Other visitors are less fortunate in the trophies they bring back from the war. They come to seek counsel and advice about starting life anew under the handicap of a disfiguring wound or the loss of a limb. But even here are compensations. Thus I am told joyously of the case of Smith Minimus. "The last time I saw him," writes my headmaster, "he was hobbling on crutches, having lost a leg at Neuve Chapelle. Yesterday he came in to show me his artificial leg, and I had to ask him which one it was. He walked perfectly. I made him walk up and down the corridor several times to show me." I can picture the blushing Smith Minimus nervously obeying the well-remembered voice of authority, and I am sure that the headmaster called from neighboring classrooms two or three assistant masters to serve as an admiring gallery.

There is not an old boy returning from the front or going thither who is not sure of a warm welcome, and certainly the headmaster would not dispense with one of these visits: they are the treasured rewards of an arduous profession, and, by the irony of fate, it is the hour of their country's travail that is bringing to these schoolmasters of England the richest reward of their lives. Nevertheless, the visitations have their drawbacks. Naturally, the boys are full of news, which none is more anxious to hear than their former headmaster, and they want to talk long and intimately. On the other hand, headmasters in England in these days are excessively busy men, to whom minutes are precious. The dearth of assistant masters has obliged them to undertake, in addition to their administrative duties, a considerable amount of teaching in class. There is, besides, a constant stream of recommendations for commissions to old boys to be gone over and signed, and

there are innumerable special functions which the war has imposed, voluntarily or involuntarily, but generally the former, upon headmasters. Meanwhile their country's peril has produced no marked change in the dominant characteristics of parents—*genus infandum* to every schoolmaster—and their frequent queries must still be answered, their misunderstandings corrected tactfully and with patience. In dealing with a voluminous correspondence, odd minutes are precious, and it must often be with a half-humorous sigh that the headmaster hears the announcement that Capt. Brown or Major Robinson has called to see him. If it is really a Brown or a Robinson, the "Head" must inquire for the initials; if it is a more distinctive name, no further identification is required, and when the tall, bronzed figure in khaki walks into the room, he is delighted—though not unduly surprised, as he might well be—to find that the "Head" remembers accurately every detail of his school career.

So in conversation and reminiscence with the gallant captain or major fly the minutes that might have served to ease the strain at the end of a long, hard day. But the headmaster cheerfully shoulders the additional burden, and neither Brown nor Robinson has the least inkling that the visit, which has been so jolly, has possibly meant the postponement of the headmaster's dinner hour.

But the constant, pressing problem is the dearth of assistant masters. At the beginning of the war they went in batches, half a dozen at a time, and their places were filled by others, men who failed to come up to the standard of physical perfection set for the first hundred thousand of Kitchener's army, or men who for one reason or another were not yet ready to serve, or could not yet be accepted. It was not easy even then to fill the gaps, but the difficulties were nothing to those that now confront the headmaster. As the physical standard has been lowered and the nation has gradually adjusted itself to the idea of universal service, the assistant masters have gone one by one. The record of these losses has been scattered through my correspondent's letters, generally with a passing reference to the increasing difficulty of finding substitutes, and perhaps the cheery announcement that "I have taken on another hour's teaching a day." In a recent letter for the first time was a faint note of depression: "My senior science master has just told me that he has been accepted for the O. T. C., and has to go at once. I don't know how I shall fill his place." He is a gallant veteran, the headmaster, and is ready himself to step into almost any breach. But science—and advanced science, at that—daunts him. He was trained in the old school of humanistic studies, and is innocent of even the faintest smatterings of "stinka."

Nevertheless, the problem will be solved, as others have been before it. Perhaps the traditions of ages will have to be swept aside and the musty old classrooms will know the unaccustomed presence of some capable young spinster of science. At any rate, we may be sure that somehow, by some means, the work will go on without serious impairment of its efficiency, and that the boys who are now learning their lessons in the classrooms, when later, in time of peace, they go out to the universities, will bring not less credit to the school than did their predecessors, "before the war." The lamp will be kept burning, however hard the strain on those who tend it. But they are a vigorous race, these head-

masters, kept young, perhaps, by constant contact with a perpetual stream of youth, and somehow they find reserves of energy on which to draw to meet the present strain. It is many, many years since my correspondent admitted to the school the first representative of the second generation, the first of a long list of old boys' sons. It will not be very long now before the third generation starts coming. Yet old-boy fathers, bringing him news of sons who are at the front, declare to him that, except for gray having turned to white, he is the same figure before whom they stood awestruck and rebuked—so many years ago that it seems only yesterday. To him and to men of his profession all over Europe posterity will be in debt.

Supervision of Play

By ROYAL J. DAVIS.

Yesterday, what boy would have thought of looking into a book in order to learn how to make a kite? And with what utter scorn would any one have received the suggestion that he had better not begin whittling until he had read printed directions about the process? But the Boy Scout is abroad in the land, and it is not for parents to smile at such a picture as is presented in the following:

Two boys sat on a log whittling. Conversation had ceased, and they both seemed absorbed in their work. Presently the younger one became aware of the silence, and glanced at the older boy. He gave an exclamation and jumped to his feet. "Why," he cried, "you are making a knife out of wood. Isn't it a beauty! Is it a dagger?"

"No," replied the other, "it is a paper-knife for opening letters and cutting the pages of magazines. It is for father's desk, for his birthday."

"It's a dandy!" continued the youngster. "How can you make such fine things? Why can't I do that kind of work?"

"You can do it," replied Ralph, "but just now there are several reasons why you don't."

"What are they?"

"Well, in the first place you start to whittle without having any clear idea of what you are at work on. It's for all the world like setting out to walk without knowing where you are going. If you start that way, the probabilities are that you will get nowhere, and when you get back and father asks where you have been, you say, 'Oh, nowhere; just took a walk.' That's the way with your knife work. You just whittle and make a lot of chips, and when you get through you have nothing to show for your time and labor. If you want to know a secret—I never start to cut without first making a careful sketch of just what I want to make, with all the important dimensions on it."

"Another reason you don't get any results is that you don't know how to hold your knife, and still another is that you work with a dull tool. . . ."

Let there be no muttering about "a modern Sandford and Merton." The choosing of a useful paper-cutter instead of a picturesque dagger; the workmanlike making of a sketch before slicing off the first sliver; the

attention to the proper method of holding the knife and to the kind of knife: this deliberate preference for the best, once thought peculiar to adults, is now rather more characteristic of children, who leave it to their elders to go in for the merely interesting. The passage quoted is taken from the introduction to a book called "Carpentry and Woodwork," by Prof. Edwin W. Foster, one of a series of eleven forming the "Work and Play Books" (Doubleday, Page; \$1 net each). The set is "planned and written to meet the widespread demand for vocational training in home and school." It includes, in addition to the volume named and a "Guide and Index" volume, "Home Decoration," by Prof. Charles F. Warner; "Electricity and Its Every-Day Uses," by Prof. John F. Woodhull; "Housekeeping," by Elizabeth Hale Gilman; "Working in Metals," by Charles Conrad Siefel; "Needlecraft," by Effie Archer Archer; "Outdoor Work," by Mary Rogers Miller; "Outdoor Sports and Games," by Claude Miller; "Mechanics, Indoors and Out," by Fred T. Hodgson, and "Gardening and Farming," by Ellen Eddy Shaw. These books are well described by the publishers as "textbooks in story form." They undertake to beguile the boy or girl into "doing useful work as the best kind of fun." It would not be easy to think of anything within the range of a young person's capabilities that is not presented in them. They show how to make a sundial, build an aeroplane, light a summer camp by electricity, arrange flowers, weave rugs, take care of yourself if you are lost in the woods, raise chickens, and a thousand other things. They inform as well as instruct, for in them are answers to such questions as, What tools did a boy use in the seventeenth century? Why is every toad worth twenty dollars to the garden he blesses with his presence? How were the pyramids built?

For what it attempts to do, the set may be heartily commended. The directions are plain and full, the type is large, and the illustrations numerous and directly related to the text. Some of the enterprises described are too ambitious for most persons for whom the books are designed, but there are plenty left, and one likes to see a bold comprehensiveness that does not fear to offer feats that may tax the energies of the hardest.

One's quarrel with the sort of thing represented by volumes like these is not with what it does, but with what it professes to do. Supervised play is as old as children. We may think of it more definitely than our ancestors thought of it; develop it, work out its philosophy, pay it the final tribute of elevating it to the plane of a fetish, but all this does not make it a new thing under the sun. What is new is only our discovery that we have discovered it, and a concomitant conviction that it is the cornerstone of education. We are not satisfied to allow it a place in the curriculum; it must be formally acknowledged as the queen of the sciences and the arts, or we write ourselves down as knowing no more

about pedagogy than Socrates. Witness the following imaginary dialogue:

"What did you do in school to-day, son?"

"Oh, the same old story—Cicero, geometry, ancient history, and all that sort of tiresome thing."

"What's the matter, John? Aren't you interested in your work?"

"Ye-es—but what's the *good* of it all? A fellow isn't going to grind out Latin verbs and geometry formulas when he's through school. I wish I could make something or do something really useful and interesting."

"Ah, that's what I said when I was your age, but—" And then you proceeded to give John (or perhaps it was Mary—boy or girl, it's very much the same) a heart-to-heart talk about "mind training" and "mental discipline."

But, own up, now—didn't you all the time have an uneasy feeling you couldn't overcome that perhaps, after all, *the boy was right*?

. . . the Boy Scout movement, the Camp Fire Girls, the Montessori Method, the Gary School System—all point to the new educational idea—the idea of *work that is play*. . .

If this bit of dialectics is to be ignored as publisher's enthusiasm, what shall we say to the declaration of a play-supervisor and *ipso facto* an educator, that "we are coming to-day to see that the best preparation for life is living; and play, representing as it does the life of the past, is much nearer to a life of business or politics or society than is the schoolroom and its studies"? How shall we reply to the authoritative pronouncement that baseball is a better kind of training than the tasks of the schoolroom, since these teach "deferred judgment," while the game stimulates quick and accurate judgment, which is what we want in life?

One is tempted to set one of these passages against the other:

"What did you do in school to-day, son?"

"Oh, same old story—baseball, basketball, track, and all that sort of tiresome thing."

"What's the matter, John? Aren't you interested in your work?"

"Ye-es—but what's the *good* of it all? A fellow isn't going to throw a ball and run races when he's through school."

But this composite is no doubt tainted with the fatal deferred judgment of the schoolroom; snap judgment would prize play—even supervised play—above work.

It would, that is, if there were any difference between play and work. But, common opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, work is only misdirected play; play—supervised play—is the only right kind of work. Do your work in the spirit of play, and play it is. This is the advantage of supervised play; there is some one there to see that you do it in the proper spirit. Many persons are ready to admit that some work may be performed as play, but they stick at the doctrine that all work may be so performed, or even ought to be so performed. If school is really to prepare for life, they are inclined to ask, should it not prepare for those hard hours when there is no play-supervisor around to show one how to romp

through a disagreeable job as if one were merely trying to steal second? All work and no play is generally regarded as a poor formula. Does reversing it make it much better? Will the identification of work and play result in automatically abolishing the idea of the former? Is it not likely to lead children into the error of mistaking play—supervised play—for work? Should there not be something to contrast with play, so that the latter's virtues shall not pass unnoticed for want of a background? Is it possible for boys and girls to have as keen zest for play if everything they do is play, as they would have if occasionally they did something else? Will they not one day be found making an unpedagogical distinction between required play and real play?

But there would be no progress if people stopped to answer impertinent questions, and supervised play is one of our chief signs of progress. "New York," Professor Zueblin records proudly, "is taking play seriously." One thousand teachers are employed to direct play in this city's school playgrounds. Nor does supervision always stop with the lower grades. Boston has made athletics compulsory for all pupils in her high schools, and has worked out an elaborate programme of courses for boys and girls. The work—for by some queer chance it is called work instead of supervised play—counts two points each year. Boys must make one of the two points in military drill—that is, carriage and posture. In their first year, they must qualify in a dash, one form of jumping, putting the shot, chinning, and swimming. Girls must choose one or more forms of outdoor recreation from a list that includes archery, golf, rowing, skiing, cross-country walking, horseback riding, and some other activities. The colleges are waking up to the ludicrousness of "athletics" in which a dozen students play and several hundred cheer, and are prescribing a minimum of physical exercise and attainment for everybody. This is excellent. Some supervised play is necessary. But we shall not go far wrong in regarding it as a necessary evil. Supervised play is better than no play. But it is not better than spontaneous play.

Few things are more comic than the astonishment—not often confessed—of a supervisor of play who happens to come upon a game or a use of apparatus which was devised by the untutored minds of children. Lucky for them if he finds it scientific, or is so broad-minded as not to condemn it even though it is more enjoyable than logical. One or two experiences of the sort might recall to him that the original supervisors of play were not men and women, but boys and girls. We are accustomed to think of the days of tradition as ending with the invention of writing. But it is not from books that successive generations of boys and girls still learn the games they play, nor is it from their parents. These things are handed down from older children to younger by word of mouth, oral

tradition as genuine as that of any Indian tribe. Like other oral tradition, the story doubtless undergoes alterations; the game is not played in 1916 precisely as it was played in 1816. But is this a disadvantage? Is the custom of recording it in a book and of referring to the book to see that it is being played correctly an unmixed gain? In its origin, supervised play was justifiable enough. It supplied the want of play, whether that want arose from lack of opportunity, as in cities which had paid little attention to park space, or from the rarer but more tragic lack of knowing how to play. But every discovery nowadays must immediately be inflated into a science and universally applied. So with this one. Why should the principles observed in supervised play be limited to children of narrow opportunities? And so it has begun to look as if all play in cities of more than 5,000 was destined to be of the new brand.

The theory is that only supervised play is true play. The opposite is nearer the truth. It cannot be declared too emphatically that supervised play is only a substitute for unsupervised play. It is often a necessary and even a happy substitute. It has enlisted the generous services of an army of public-spirited men and women, who, being part of our educational forces, are never likely to be overpaid. Some of them are not paid at all. But all the sentiment aroused by their devotion should not be allowed to blind us to the fact that they are doing an exceptional rather than a general work, bridging over a gap and not building the main road. We must supervise play as we must supervise reading. The necessity is unwelcome, but cannot be blinked. The danger is that we shall supervise not wisely but too well. The golden rule is to supervise as little as we can.

Correspondence

THE IRISH EXECUTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your paper brings to me, an American born, week by week, in my English home, much of interest and value. From my childhood I have held the name of William Dean Howells in sincerest veneration. It is, therefore, with the utmost diffidence that I find myself protesting against his strictures on the English Government expressed in the letter published in your issue of May 18. But I know the love of fair play is inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race, and as I am nearer geographically to the debated question, though now further from it in point of time, I shall much appreciate your courtesy if I am permitted to present a point of view differing from that set forth by Mr. Howells.

In characterizing England's "legality" as "inexorable" (which, by the way, is hardly compatible with the previous description of the proceedings as "vengeance, mere vengeance"), does Mr. Howells realize that large numbers of civilians lost their lives at the hands of the rebels, and under the direction and instigation of their leaders? Was the

English Government to let these murderers go scot free? Would it have authority sit supine while its loyal adherents and peaceful citizens were slain?

The leaders of the Sinn Fein movement were "intellectuals," men of education and ability. On them rested the responsibility of inflaming the excitable passions of their less informed followers, and on them, as was just, retribution fell.

To compare the men who were ready to betray the Empire into the hands of that enemy for whose overthrow thousands of their fellow countrymen, citizens of that same Empire, were at that very moment risking and losing life and limb, and to whom thousands more, prisoners in Germany, proudly and scornfully refused to yield their honor—to compare such men, I say, with prisoners of war taken in open fight on an acknowledged battlefield, is in my opinion a wholly distorted view of the situation.

That there may have been mistakes and errors of judgment during this lamentable affair no one will deny, least of all, I should imagine, the English people whose chief concern it seems to be to place their worst foot where the best light can fall upon it! But I cannot hold it either just or reasonable to disregard the long and patiently borne series of provocative acts committed in Ireland, and to pillory the British Government as a blood-thirsty avenger because it took at last the shortest, if the sharpest, measures to put an end to bloodshed and to protect the Irish people from their own worst enemies.

I wish Mr. Howells could have heard, as I have, Irish women from both the higher and lower walks of life, speaking with shame and sorrow of the proceedings in Ireland, and whole-heartedly recognizing that the course pursued by the English Government was the only one to be for a moment considered. He would then, I am sure, realize that there is more than one side even to the Irish question.

And as was so ably pointed out not long ago in an article in the *Nation* on the play of "Justice," it is not well to allow ourselves to be blinded by sympathy with individual suffering to the fact that punishment has its preventive value, and that sometimes Authority must be cruel in order to be kind.

L. D. R.

Manchester, England, June 8.

GERMANS IN POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of June 15 Mr. Charles W. Super gives a number of interesting statistics by way of showing that "the German element has played a very inconspicuous part in the higher politics of this country." This is a fact which the German-Americans have always realized, and it has been commented upon, with regret as well as with satisfaction, by the distinguished Germans who, previous to the war, paid frequent visits to this country under the auspices of the Germanistic Society or independently.

In his "Das Land der Zukunft" (1903), Wilhelm von Polenz ascribes the lack of political leaders among the German-Americans to the fact that on coming they are dazed by the size of the country; they come without leaders and remain individuals; they associate with each other without organization other than in local clubs; they hesitate to launch out; in

general, they are assimilated by Yankee traditions, specifically they perpetuate otherness. Though the French, Dutch, English, and even Spaniards have founded some of the largest cities in the United States, the Germans haven't the founding of even a third-rate town to their credit, constituting though they do the admittedly best (*anerkannt besten*) citizens of such cities as Milwaukee, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

In his "Amerikanische Eindrücke" (1907), Ludwig Fulda remarks that Carl Schurz alone really stood out in the past, and that the present House has only two Germans, the Senate none. Fulda gives three reasons for this utter lack of participation by the Germans in American politics: (1) The Germans, from the eighteenth century on, have never taken kindly or successfully to politics; (2) the better Germans remain at least semi-loyal to the German language, and on this account never acquire the oratorical ability indispensable to success in American politics; (3) political life in the United States is not sufficiently dignified or important to entice the more finely constituted spirits (*feiner organisierte Geister*) into the political arena.

In his "Der Dichter in Dollaria" (1912; second and ameliorated edition), Ernst von Wolzogen refers to the fact that the Germans almost inundated such States as Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Missouri at first, that Germantown and Milwaukee were originally German towns, and that the majority of the populations of Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis are still German, and yet, here and elsewhere, despite numbers, the German-Americans have either never gained or immediately lost their hold on the political situation from the higher point of view. One meets, to be sure, a Mayor of a town here and there who is of German descent, but who can no longer speak a respectable German, and who owes his present position to the political bosses. Von Wolzogen explains this as a manifestation of general inability on the part of the Germans who emigrated to America. It is well known that they are flayed in this book as they have been possibly nowhere else, not even in the English-speaking press since the outbreak of the war.

In short, it is a matter of grave doubt whether any trustworthy person ever contended that the German-Americans have had anything to do with American politics other than what can be done as passive voters.

As to the other points, each of these writers emphasizes the fact that the German emigrants of 1848 were malcontents, and justly so, and that their going was a great loss to Germany and a great gain to America. As to their returning, von Wolzogen seems to hope that they never will; Polenz says that they are all to be pitied, for, having broken away from Germany, they are unable to become attached to America; Fulda says: *Heimweh haben sie alle*. Polenz believes (1903) that in case of war between the two countries, the German-Americans would fight, with bleeding hearts, for America, and that they have a great opportunity before them: to prevent war between Germany and America.

It may be worth noting in this connection that Berthold Auerbach (1812-1882) invariably discusses America, somehow, in his stories—even in the "Schwarzwäldergeschichten." It was he who coined the expression *Kinderland* as over against *Vaterland*, long before Nietzsche got round to it. Auerbach saw

us afar off, with the poet's eye. He was opposed to emigration, though his admiration for this country, in his stories, was great indeed.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD.

New York, June 21.

THE MEMORIAL TO WHISTLER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Inquiries having been made regarding the memorial to J. McN. Whistler, by M. Auguste Rodin, organized by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, the Committee of the Memorial wishes to communicate to you the last letter received from M. Rodin, dated April 13, 1916:

Le Monument Whistler était presque fait lorsque la guerre est venue, et je n'y ai plus travaillé. C'est la première chose que je vais faire sitôt que je serai un peu libre. Je ne peux répondre à vos souscripteurs en ce moment, mais six mois après la guerre terminée, le monument pourra se mettre à Londres. Ces six mois, je les compte pour la fonte du bronze, risque à rectifier de quelques mois.

AUG. RODIN.

The entire sum required for the memorial has been collected, invested, and placed in the hands of trustees.

WM. HEINEMANN,
JOSEPH PENNELL,
Honorary Secretaries.

London, June 6.

JAY COOKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I see your London correspondent, in his letter of February 10, deplores the fact that, millions of the munition profit being distributed in the form of additional wages among a large number of workmen who are largely squandering them in extravagance and riotous living, "the chances are that very little of that sum will come back to the Government in any form, except perhaps through an increase in direct taxation of alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and so forth."

"It's a long way to Tipperary"—and London; but may I be permitted, through your columns, humbly to call the attention of the British Government to a book called "Jay Cooke, Financier of the Civil War," by one Mr. Oberholtzer?—an unpleasant name to British ears at the moment, but let that pass.

A thrilling story, this of Jay Cooke, and not as well known as it ought to be; surely he who provides the sinews of war is as deserving of honor as he who directs the battle; still, it is safe to say that, out of a hundred Americans to whom the name of Grant is a household word, ninety-nine have never even heard of Jay Cooke; yet Jay Cooke's battles were full as hard to fight, he brought to them as great dash, daring, and tenacity, as great patriotism, ran as grave risks, and won, in the last long reckoning, as great a victory.

At New Year's, in 1862, Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, was at his wit's end. "The Treasury," he wrote, "is nearly empty. I have been obliged to draw for the last installment of the November loan. I fear the banks will refuse to receive the United States notes." He tried to float a loan of \$500,000,000; it was a dead-weight on his hands; with all his efforts he was "unable to dispose of a single bond." So, in the last resort—he was in two minds whether or not to repeal the provision—he called in Jay Cooke; and Jay

Cooke, grasping the situation—the very same as that which confronts Great Britain to-day: enormous demand, limited supply, scarcity of labor, with consequent high wages and great prosperity in unaccustomed quarters—set to work to popularize the loan; his agents canvassed the country, north, south—yes, *South*, for they followed the flag into New Orleans, and even drummed up subscribers in secession territory—east, and west; they distributed circulars, posted bills on trees and telegraph poles, in railway stations and post offices; they interviewed bankers, brokers, editors, particularly editors—Jay Cooke had great respect for the power of the press; the papers published his broadsides in two languages; they gave columns to his reading notices. Mighty entertaining reading, these!

FARMERS! MECHANICS! CAPITALISTS!

You have a Solemn Duty to perform to your Government and Posterity!

Our gallant Army and Navy must be supported!

The United States Government calls on Each Individual to rally to its support, not with donations or gifts—though who could refuse them?—BUT WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS TO HER LOANS, based on the Best Security in the World!

There is no miscalculation, there can be no failure—the cost has been counted, and the burden will be light.

Talk not of taxes!

Take the Loans and the taxes will fall more lightly!

Our First Duty is to GOD—our Next to OUR COUNTRY—fall not of either!

Your nearest Patriotic Bank or Banker will supply this Loan on which so Much depends!

See advertisement on next page.

Could there be a more deliciously blended appeal to patriotism and self-interest, a more delectable mingling of highfalutin and practicality?

"Farmers, mechanics, capitalists"—that is the rating throughout. In the reading notices, Jay Cooke's office is described, crowded with subscribers; stress is laid on "the nursery maid who wants a bond for fifty dollars," behind whom, "placidly waiting his turn," is the "portly capitalist" with his "plethoric pocketbook." "An old lady" is described "tottering into the office with her money tied up in the corner of her handkerchief; she wishes to buy one (notice, one!) bond. She is shown into the back room and given a seat. The assistant receives her money, gives her a certificate, and she leaves, happy in the thought that her little pittance is not only safe, but earning her something. Next comes a hale old farmer. He has heard of the loan; some of his neighbors have invested; he has read Mr. Cooke's letter"—"Mr. Cooke's letter," by the way, was a supposititious answer to a dummy letter asking just such kindergarten questions as people perfectly ignorant of the world of finance would like to ask:

"As I cannot come to Philadelphia how am I to get the bonds?"

"Why are they called five-twenties?"

"How does Secretary Chase get enough gold to pay the interest?"

"Will a check answer for subscriptions?"

"Will Secretary Chase get enough money to make it certain he can pay the interest promptly?"

The agent of the Government is described as also in the office, "receiving visitors, answering questions, and pencil in hand, footing up the enormous aggregates." As to questions, Jay Cooke himself was readily accessible. "An ill-clad woman with a shawl wrapped about her shoulders"—probably second cousin once or twice removed to Mr. Gilmour's "working woman wearing a shawl over her

head, who went into a large shop in Lancashire and purchased sixty pounds' worth of furs"—was shown into his private office that she might have from Mr. Cooke's own lips a recommendation of the loan. "Madam," said Jay Cooke, "I believe in the Union so firmly that if I were you I would take off that shawl, sell it, and buy Government bonds!"

P. T. Barnum might have sat at the feet of Jay Cooke. Not over dignified, his methods; they put one the least bit in mind of the British War Office raising a volunteer army; but he delivered the goods, for, by the end of March, he was receiving subscriptions at the rate of a million daily for the loan of which Mr. Chase, in December, had complained that "with all his efforts he could not sell a single bond." It was not plain sailing, though, either then or later. Secretary Chase was subject to recurrent attacks of "cold feet" during which he did his best to "gum the game"; some of the most powerful newspapers were hostile; so were many of the big bankers; time and again the foundations were knocked from under the house of Jay Cooke & Co., but Jay Cooke, Atlas-like, supported it on his shoulders; equitable, undismayed,

He turned a keen untroubled face
Home, to the utmost need of things.

Did gold soar to perilous heights? Jay Cooke ran on to New York and broke the price; finally, the mere rumor of a visit from him did the trick; but at last, after the war was over, "deed done, battle won," Jay Cooke, then past middle life, was thrown into bankruptcy through the pusillanimity of his partners, who lacked the nerve to keep up with the "Old Man." The house of Jay Cooke & Co. closed its doors; his country place, which he loved, went under the hammer; his dearest possessions were scattered to the four winds. Pathetic? Not a bit of it! He took a fresh start, made a new fortune, bought it all back again, and died, rich and respected, at eighty-four.

It is a pity that this story of Jay Cooke should be so little known in America, but the intellect of the man in the street is proverbially *dorné*; what, though, is to be said of the British Cabinet, who, confronted by an exactly similar state of affairs to that which confronted us in the sixties, have done nothing but talk about "the supreme need for economy"? Even if Jay Cooke had not blazed a path for them to follow, they must have observed what happened in France in the seventies; it was out of the stocking of the French peasant that the money came which paid the German indemnity, whereby France, thanks to that same indemnity, became a richer and greater nation than ever before, to the complete obfuscation of Germany. It's a simple law of economics, that in a state of war, when demand is enormous, supply limited, and labor scarce, wages must be high, and millions of profit must be "distributed in the form of additional wages among workmen" who, through sheer ignorance, will squander them in extravagance unless a better way be shown; and the British Government, by the admission of an Englishman, has for nearly two years let this go on, mildly expatiating on "the supreme need for economy"! Verily, as one of my family remarked last night, throwing down his evening paper:

"The more I read about this war, the more I am astounded at the indisputable greatness of the British nation!"

M. A. A.

Concord, Mass., May 20.

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE ON THE GARY PLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Twenty years ago, after a close study of schools in England, and more superficially of those in France and Germany, I formed a very positive conviction that the average attainment of American youth in knowledge and intellectual training was quite inferior to that of those European countries. Since that time the inferiority of American schools seems to me to have increased, with the steady increase of what may well be called the "sugar-coated pill theory of education." A very interesting article might be written on the subject, "The Rise of and Demoralization Wrought by the Educational Fad." It might be illustrated by the wild whirlwind of blind and thoughtless enthusiasm for "the Gary System," which has swept over this country in the last two years, so that the superintendent of schools of a mushroom city near Lake Michigan, with less than 40,000 inhabitants, was earnestly suggested as superintendent of the elaborate educational system of the great metropolis with more than three million inhabitants.

The fallacies, moral, intellectual, and economic, lurking beneath this system are many, but your space will allow me to discuss only a few of them, in the hope that the scales may be made to fall from the eyes of some well-meaning enthusiasts. The most popular of these fallacies is the economic one, viz., that the public's money is saved by utilizing the school plant for two full schools at the same time instead of one, thereby saving the capital expenditure necessary under the present system. Apart from the practical difficulty of administering the Gary plan in this country during cold and inclement weather, that unsound claim is built upon the false assumption that the locking up of fixed capital involved in the two systems of buildings is the same or nearly the same in amount, and that the school population within a reasonable radius of a Gary school is sufficiently large to fill it with two full sets of pupils. It must be clear to any one who has carefully studied the subject that the initial expenditure for a school building on the approved Gary type is very much greater than the initial expenditure for a building of the old type, in which I spent six happy years of my life. That will be clear if the plans of the two types of buildings are compared. In the old type there were simply cloak rooms, sanitary facilities, session or study rooms, where the work of teaching was carried on, and a moderate sized playground. A large auditorium was found in some, but not in many, and in my opinion such a room is a very useless expenditure, involving a large waste of money. In most six-grade school buildings that I am acquainted with, wisely such audience rooms are omitted. They represent a large amount of capital expenditure and ground rent, and are used only part of the time for rhetorical, dramatic, and hortatory exercises, which are the least solid and least valuable things in a child's education.

On the other hand, see how much larger expenditure is necessary for a building properly fitted for the Gary system. In addition to the rooms necessary in the old type of building, the public has now to pay the additional capital investment embodied in auditoriums, gymnasiums, chemical and physical laboratories, swimming-baths for both sexes,

workshops of several different kinds, printeries, greenhouses, electric-lighted tennis courts, enlarged playgrounds, double sanitary facilities, and individual lockers. From the point of view, then, of ground rent and expenditure on building, the cost of a building of the approved Gary type must be at least 50 per cent. more than that of a building of the old type for one-half the number of scholars or for the same number of scholars if used on the part-time plan. When I was in the large auditorium of the Froebel School at Gary, some peculiarly silly and inane work was being done by a teacher with pupils in what is politely called "dramatic expression." As I pondered on the educational value of that work, I estimated that the space taken in the building by that temple of dramatic art might have been utilized by a competent architect with little additional expense for eight session rooms, to accommodate 350 to 400 pupils, to be trained properly for their life work.

The real extravagance of the Gary system, in comparison with the pretended economy, is clearly seen in another feature of the system, viz., that four grades of the high school should be carried on in the same building with eight grades of the primary and grammar school. The enormous addition to the drain on the public treasury involved in a plan of that kind is patent to any who are accustomed to analyze costs in any business. In respect both to capital investment and to annual expenses the overhead charges will be enormously increased. This is due to the far higher cost per pupil of high-school education and the tremendous falling away in attendance when pupils get beyond the age of compulsory school attendance.

Besides the economic, there is another very decided objection to this feature of the Gary plan, and that is a moral one. I supposed that it was a cardinal rule with conscientious teachers that, in this work-a-day and far from ideal world, the opportunities for close relation between youth under fifteen and youth over fifteen should not be earnestly promoted. It makes better for the future welfare of the race and for the highest development of moral character that the pre-adolescent periods of human growth and development in the human race should not be brought too closely in touch with the adolescent and post-adolescent periods in other individuals. This has always seemed to me a sound and safe principle, though many of the developments of custom in modern society have made me feel that I must be classed as a "belated Puritan" in this belief.

The unanswerable criticism of the Gary plan is that in its fundamental philosophy it seems to be based on the idea of the elective or sugar-coated-pill theory of education. My convictions, developed from four decades spent in the teaching of American youth of both sexes, run directly against this theory, as in my opinion harmful to the moral and intellectual fibre of any nation. Every year I have grown more and more convinced that there are few higher tests of moral character than the requirement to do well a task that is difficult, unattractive, or repellent. One of the most discouraging tendencies among American youth is the constant tendency to seek the line of least resistance, or "to get by" without overcoming the obstacle. Browning's famous line, "When pain ends, gain ends, too," is not without its significance in the educational world. The constant ef-

fort under the Gary system is to find what the child likes best or thinks himself best fitted for, and then to let him follow out that line of endeavor. A pupil's judgment when he is from twelve to sixteen years old as to what he is best fitted for is not infallible. In many cases it is practically worthless. But in the Gary system that judgment is supposed to determine largely the policy of his training. This is reflected in the many cant phrases which its advocates roll as a sweet morsel under their tongues: "To free the child from the bondage of tradition"; "to let him follow his own bent"; "to motivate the child"; "give a child his opportunity to develop his power of tireless research, and to maintain his scientific habit of mind, and he will educate himself"; "each should have an individual schedule like the emancipated college student"; "socialize the child's emotions"; "our fundamental aim should be to make education a part of life and life a part of education"—such are a few selections that I have made from an anthology of Gary utterances.

So we have it solemnly proposed that from the earliest grades the pupil shall have a large measure of choice in what is to come next for his development. He spends a few weeks in trying for an hour a day one trade, and then another few weeks a different trade, to see which he likes best, all on the absurd assumption that, whichever trade he chooses, he will soon get a remunerative job at that trade. More than twelve different occupations are mentioned in connection with the Gary schools at which a pupil is permitted to nibble, if he likes. They range from shoe cobbling to architecture. This is mistakenly called work, but it is little more than organized play, as compared with the real work which a youth faces when he starts to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Then he begins to know the meaning of strict discipline, of which he has received but the faintest comprehension in the Gary school. The sound criticism of the Gary system is that it tends to make the average boy believe that life is little more than a picnic instead of a struggle, where one must do many distasteful tasks and often yield his own wishes to the legal, organized decision of the majority.

The Gary school programme is vulnerable at many points both for what it includes and for what it omits, but it is especially vulnerable for the fact that there is no provision for the hour of quiet study, which is so important to every child, both in school and out. Pupils are not allowed to take their books home for study below the seventh grade, and are not encouraged to do so until the high-school course begins. During every period of the school day a certain detachment of the pupils is due in the playground for that novel and remarkable occupation called organized play, which all the preceding centuries are so benighted as to have missed. What is a pupil to do who prefers study to play? It is conceivable that there may be such even in a Gary school. Where is he to find a chance to exercise his mind and gratify that desire under proper conditions? I find no provision for such a pupil under the Gary system. He has no desk where he keeps his textbooks, pens and pencils, and the simple treasures of his intellectual life, as he has under the ordinary system now prevailing, and to which he may flee when there is leisure. At the close of the recitation he must leave the room and go to the inanities of auditorium exercises or

the noisy playground or gymnasium. How any teacher can be expected to develop in the average pupil any joy in the intellectual life under the "step-lively" régime of the Gary plan, is difficult for me to understand.

After forty years of teaching, I had come to suppose that it was the glorious privilege of a teacher to show to a pupil the real significance of the statement, "My mind to me a kingdom is," and to develop in him certain mental and moral habits. Among these habits are diligence, punctuality, regularity, a love of order, obedience to command, a love of learning, the power of thought concentration, and mental and moral grit, which is an entirely different thing from physical courage. Certainly, the principles of the Gary plan do not make for the development and strengthening of these qualities, but for their emasculation. If I am right—and I determinedly think that I am—these dithyrambic rhapsodies of the earnest advocates of the Gary plan are little better than "buncombe, flapdoodle, and froth." They seem to have in mind entirely different persons from those boys and girls that I have known all my life.

Much sincere but unintelligent support of the Gary plan is founded on what strikes me as a transparent fallacy, viz., that it permits the teaching of religion and good morals by the church outside much better than the present plan. The fallacy of that argument is not difficult to demonstrate. Recently there has been formed in New York a large committee of Catholics and Protestants for religious education, on the supposition, apparently, that the Gary plan will give better opportunities for that than the present system offers. In my opinion, just the reverse of that fact is true, and I am unable to follow the reasoning of those earnest men who welcome the Gary plan on religious grounds.

The so-called free period, or "home and church" period, under the Gary system comes at different times for different pupils, all of whom will need religious instruction. In that case it will be necessary to have at the church for religious instruction the teaching staff for at least four hours each day, to give the same lesson to different groups, who can come only at particular times. This will be a difficult thing to accomplish if your staff of teachers is voluntary, or quite expensive if the teaching staff is to be paid, which would be more just, for few volunteers can afford to give four hours, or two hours, each day to such instruction without pay. Moreover, there will be interminable friction with the regular school programme, unless these periods come for all alike at the end of the school session. Boys and girls will loiter on the way from church to school and from school to church, and often the motion picture will be a more powerful magnet than the lesson in religion. This feature of the Gary system sets a high premium on truancy and unpunctuality.

Under the present system it is easily possible for any church to give instruction in religion and morals to its pupils after the school session all at one time, during one hour, so that the teachers are required to be present only during that time. The schools in New Haven close at 3:45 in the afternoon, many of those in New York soon after three o'clock. It is entirely possible and practicable, then, for any church, which now has but one hour in the week given to religious instruction, to utilize one hour on Saturday morning and an hour in the latter part of the afternoon on such other days of the week as they may de-

sire. In economy of effort and in practicality and efficiency of administration, the present system is far more satisfactory for giving religious education than the Gary plan.

In conclusion, the New York Board of Education has done well to give a careful trial of the Gary plan in two different parts of the city for experimentation and careful study under competent judges over a period lasting not less than three years. But there ought to be no large further expenditure on that plan until the soundness and wisdom of the system have been fully and satisfactorily demonstrated. At the present time any large expenditure of taxpayers' money on the expensive, doubtful, and demoralizing fads of the Gary system would be a gross injustice to all classes in New York, but especially to the working classes.

GEORGE L. FOX.

University School, New Haven, Conn., June 21.

THE BREAD OF TRUTH ON UNIVERSITY WATERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the epidemic of self-justification which has been apparent recently in our State universities, a great deal of ink has been split on the question of research in its relation to good teaching. Much of the controversy has been as acrid as it has been beside the point. One faction has been guilty of assuming that the teacher need not be a scholar; the opposing group has acted as if all research were equally important and as if the publication of findings were the unique index of scholarship. In the din of the fight the young instructor has often paused at the threshold of his career bewildered and dismayed to find his ideal of the contemplative life so stridently shattered.

Institutions where the marriage vows of Wisdom and Learning have not been faithfully kept might do well to recall the luminous words of suggestion with which the great John Tyndall closed the series of lectures on light which he gave in this country in 1873. Forty years and more have not remedied the conditions he saw nor dulled the edge of the advice of one who prided himself on being a simple scientific student "who never taught the world to be a cent richer, who merely sought to present science to the world as an intellectual good."

Here is the parting word of the scholar to the democracy he was leaving:

"Your most difficult problem will be not to build institutions, but to make men; not to form the body, but to find the spiritual embers which shall kindle within that body a living soul. You have scientific genius among you; not sown broadcast, believe me, but still scattered here and there. Take all unnecessary impediments out of its way. Drawn by your kindness I have come here to give these lectures, and, now that my visit to America has become almost a thing of the past, I look back upon it as a memory without a stain. No lecturer was ever rewarded as I have been. From this vantage-ground, however, let me remind you that the work of the lecturer is not the highest work; that in science the lecturer is usually the distributor of intellectual wealth amassed by better men. It is not solely, or even chiefly, as lecturers, but as investigators, that your men of genius ought to be employed. Keep your sympathetic eye upon the originator of knowledge.

Give him the freedom necessary for his researches, not overloading him either with the duties of tuition or of administration, not demanding from him so-called practical results—above all things, avoiding that question which ignorance so often addresses to genius, 'What is the use of your work?' Let him make truth his object, however impractical for the time being that truth may appear. If you cast your bread thus upon the waters, then be assured it will return to you, though it may be after many days."

Let the apostles of "efficiency" brood upon this dictum of one greater than themselves.

GEORGE NORTON NORTHROP.

University of Minnesota, May 25.

DR. FLEXNER'S "MODERN SCHOOL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I beg to be allowed to make some comments upon Dr. Flexner's views, expressed in his pamphlet, "A Modern School."

With much of what the writer says, all educationists will agree, and I, for one, maintain, as he does, that the more closely school studies are related to actual life the more fruitful and beneficial they will be.

But while Dr. Flexner is anxious to maintain this principle and to base the school curriculum largely upon science and its domain, he seems to me to be very inconsistent in wholly or practically neglecting an important scientific field that is most intimately associated with human life. Can we conceive of normal human life and human development without language? Does not language characterize both the individual man and the whole race almost as much as thought itself? And yet "A Modern School" is not to consider seriously this sphere—man's linguistic power and the languages he has evolved. Language is surely the most wonderful of human inventions, and the great languages of the world are inextricably interwoven with the best thought of mankind.

But according to "A Modern School," "languages have no value in themselves," and therefore the teaching of language and languages is to be reduced to a minimum. In English "the study of formal grammar" is to be dropped. Our pupils are not to learn the why and wherefore of their speech-forms, and such foreign languages as they learn are to be learned in parrot fashion in childhood, since the "practical mastery of foreign languages can be attained early in life with comparative ease." Dr. Flexner's idea of "practical mastery" must be very different from that held by professional teachers of languages.

But Dr. Flexner's absolute failure to appreciate the educational aims of language teachers is best illustrated by his attitude towards Latin and Greek. Unlike the case of modern foreign languages, practical mastery of those tongues can apparently be gained only in mature life, and therefore the study, if undertaken at all, should be postponed to one's later years. The argument is not consistent, and it is evident that Dr. Flexner judges the ancient and modern languages by different standards.

One defect in Dr. Flexner's argument lies in the fact that he allows personal experience and personal taste to guide him to general conclusions. Thus, "For purposes of travel, trade, study, and enjoyment, educated men

who do not know French and German usually come to regret it keenly." May not the same be said of Latin and Greek, so far at least as "study and enjoyment" are concerned? One could bring a mountain of evidence to support this view. So, too, in regard to the analysis of Milton's "Lycidas" or Burke's speech. If Dr. Flexner, as a result of his school experience, "then and there vowed life-long hostility to both," have we not heard many a voice sound the praises of inspiring teachers who led their pupils to love these and other literary masterpieces?

Dr. Flexner admits that he is not qualified to speak "of the part to be played by art and music" in a modern curriculum. I wish he had gone further and admitted a similar deficiency in regard to language and literature. What teacher of literature worthy of the name does not even to-day "hope to train persons . . . to care vitally for poetry"? Though he does not always succeed, have we any assurance that Dr. Flexner's teacher will be more successful? How can one be certain that pupils in his "Modern School" will "read for sheer fun" Homer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, or even Stevenson and Kipling? And yet, even under old-fashioned ways, have we not known pupils to read Shakespeare and Stevenson "for sheer fun"? Yes, and have we not known a few choice ones, who with real delight and enjoyment have grappled with Homer and Virgil in the original Greek and Latin?

It goes without saying that Dr. Flexner regards Latin and Greek as impractical subjects. In this he is positive and dogmatic in his statements. The abundant evidence that has been amassed in various books and pamphlets to support the contrary view is ruthlessly swept aside. "A positive case can be made out for neither." Dr. Flexner, therefore, can hardly be surprised if some of his critics are equally dogmatic on the other side. For my part, I make bold to say that Latin, far from being an impractical study, is one of the most practical in the school curriculum, if for no other reason than that it is vitally connected with the instrument which our pupils must use in all studies alike—our mother tongue. For this reason the study of Latin is even more practical than that of French or German. But, forsooth, as comparatively few students of Latin make a good record on examinations, then the subject can be of no benefit to the majority, and therefore should be eliminated. Is this not strange reasoning? Though few people become good musicians or good artists, does it do the rest no good to study music and art? Though there is a great mortality in the first year of a university engineering class, do the mathematical studies of those who fall count for nothing?

Dr. Flexner's views of historical study are also very questionable. How are we to recognize "useless historic facts"? Is the battle of Marathon one of these? Is the signing of Magna Charta less significant than the sending of a punitive expedition into Mexico? And how are we to have "a firm grasp of the social world" and a "comprehension of and sympathy with" current politics, if we do not know the history of the past? Shall we make large-minded men and women by limiting the horizon of our boys and girls to modern times? Scientific methods and common-sense are both needed in working out the great problems of education.

H. RUSHTON FAIRCLOWEN.

Stanford University, Cal., May 15.

Book Notes and Byways

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS AND THEODORE WINTHROP.

By ELBRIDGE COLBY.

On June 10, 1861, the novelist, Theodore Winthrop, fell at the battle of Great Bethel in circumstances of great gallantry. Previous to this there had been printed but two productions from his pen: "A Companion to the Heart of the Andes" (New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1859; 12mo, pp. 43) and "Our March to Washington," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1861 (v. 7, pp. 744ff). Almost immediately there appeared the second military sketch, "Washington as a Camp," *Atlantic Monthly*, for July, 1861 (v. 8, p. 105), which, we may judge by a letter from C. E. Norton to G. W. Curtis (*Atlantic Monthly*, 110:601), dated June 16, 1861, to have been prepared for publication and accepted before the death of the soldier.

In a manuscript letter which I have seen, dated July 3, 1861, Curtis says to Norton, "At Field's request I have written a short paper about him for the *Monthly*"; and in August, 1861 (v. 8, pp. 242ff), Curtis's biographical sketch of Winthrop appeared, together with fragments of a projected third paper and portions of war-time letters. I have seen it stated (Duyckinck, 2:826) that Lowell asked Winthrop to write these military articles, but there seems no probability of proving that they were not submitted in the regular way. The question which has been perplexing me is, however, that of the identity of the editor of the more substantial posthumous works.

Within a short time, Ticknor & Fields requested of the family to become publishers of the books which Winthrop left behind him ("Life and Poems," New York, 1884, p. 282); and they soon issued "Cecil Dreeme," 1861 (October); "John Brent," 1862 (January); "Edwin Brothertoft," 1862 (July); "The Canoe and the Saddle," 1862 (November), and "Life in the Open Air," 1863 (May). In a Note prefixed to "Life in the Open Air" we read the following:

This is the last volume of Theodore Winthrop's works. The reader will be interested to know that, with a very few slight omissions, they are published precisely as he left them. Besides these, which he had himself prepared for the press, there remains manuscript enough for more than another volume, comprising poems, lectures, sketches, the beginning of another novel, and a completed earlier tale, but not in fit form for publication.

On the basis of this there would seem to have been few changes, though really there were many. Also, on the basis of the signature to this note, "G. W. C., Staten Island, February, 1863," an ascription of the editorship to Curtis appears plausible, though not necessarily exact. In a letter to the author of a Columbia University thesis (COA-F13), Mrs. Anna Shaw Curtis writes, February, 1913: "Mr. Curtis and Mr. Theodore Winthrop . . . were friends and near neighbors for several years, which is, I suppose, the reason why Mr. Curtis edited the books." Mrs. A. Fields wrote, on February 12, 1913: "Mr. Curtis was near neighbor and personal friend. The families of Francis E. Shaw, Winthrop's, and Curtis's saw each other continually for many years and held each other in high esteem. He was chosen for this work from the start, as

if there were no one else." Miss Laura Winthrop Johnson, niece of Theodore Winthrop, referred to the amount of information she could give, and said: "But you know how unreliable such stories get to be after fifty years." On this information, then, the writer of the Columbia thesis ascribed the editorship to Mr. Curtis, and also mentioned the fact that Mr. Curtis had already published many books.

Recently we have had new light on the subject. Miss Elizabeth Winthrop Johnson writes to a Mr. Williams, publisher of a 1914 edition of "The Canoe and the Saddle": "The Canoe and the Saddle" was not even quite ready for publication, and was, therefore, somewhat revised by a younger brother, William Woolsey Winthrop." The same Miss Johnson has written to me, January 25, 1914: "In a memorandum—in my possession—by my aunt, Elizabeth Winthrop, older sister of Theodore Winthrop, she states that their younger brother, William Winthrop, 'spent the month before he went back to the army in preparing my brother's work for publication.' She may mean, however, that he edited the three novels only. The other two books were brought out later, and Mr. Curtis may have edited these when William Winthrop had returned to the field as officer of sharp-shooters."

I have tried to collect a little more evidence in the matter, but memories seem to be contradictory. Mr. Edward Cary did not mention the subject in his life of Curtis in the "American Men of Letters," and writes to me that he has only a vague recollection of Mr. Curtis's mentioning it in conversation. The two other persons now living who could furnish evidence speak merely from remembrance, and do not agree, being equally positive and directly contradictory. So, in the midst of all this conflicting data, I am tempted to take refuge in Miss Laura Johnson's statement: "You know how unreliable such stories get to be after fifty years."

In these cases there is but one way of settling the question—to go to contemporary evidence. Mrs. Fields has been very kind in the matter, and to her we owe the answer for which we have sought. She has let me have a large number of family letters which help a great deal. A note of Mr. W. Templeton Johnson to James T. Fields, January 6, 1863, concerning the portrait to be included in the "Life in the Open Air" volume, shows that he took a leading part in the arrangements. A letter of April 28, 1862, reads: "I have your letter of the 25th April enclosing account sales of Cecil Dreeme. Mr. W. W. Winthrop wrote me some time ago that he had requested you to remit the account of sales to me. If you require any further order, please advise me, and I will procure it. Should you wish in publishing the 'travels' to have a vignette or frontispiece designed by Mr. Church, please let me know about the size and style you think best, that we may inform Mr. C., who has very kindly expressed his readiness to make the drawing." In a letter of August 15, 1862, he wrote: "I send you my only remaining copy of the 'Andes,' which, as it has already been printed, we do not think it best to alter. Mrs. Johnson is reading over some notes of excursion on the Isthmus which she will send you in a few days. If it is ever worth while to publish fragments, we all think that it would be well to include 'Brightly's Orphan' in the 'final volume,' as we like its healthy and cheerful tone." Thus, we may judge of Mr. Templeton Johnson's importance in the proceedings, of the earnest coöperation of the entire

family, and of the activity of William Winthrop. If an order could be in any way necessary, was it not very probable that William Winthrop, from whom the order was to be procured, at least edited "Cecil Dreeme," if not the other novels, as Miss Johnson has already indicated in a letter to me?

Having exhausted most of the contemporary evidence, I shall next turn to the original manuscripts, which are at present in the American Authors' Collection in the New York Public Library. There are with them many pages in the handwriting of George William Curtis, constituting the "biographical cameo." Mrs. Curtis has kindly lent me for purposes of comparison a couple of notes written by Mr. Curtis. The correspondence lent by Mrs. Fields enables me to distinguish the writing of the other persons involved, Miss Elizabeth Winthrop, Mr. W. Templeton Johnson, Mr. Fields, and Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson. We will take the books in order:

"Cecil Dreeme"—A careful scrutiny indicates that the alterations on the manuscript (pp. 15, 101, 135-6, 150, 159¼-162, 250, 319, 364, 365, 380) were made by another hand than any of the above. We shall at present call it Hand A, since the Johnsons have not let me have any writing by William Woolsey Winthrop for comparison; but the evidence of Mr. W. Templeton Johnson's letter to Mr. Fields, and of the memorandum by Miss Elizabeth Winthrop in the possession of her niece, indicates that this work was done by William Woolsey Winthrop.

"John Brent"—The title page, ready for the printer, with the publisher's name and date (things which none of the other title pages have), bears in penmanship an amazing similarity to pencilled instructions at the beginning of "Love and Skates" and "Saccharissa Mellasys," which are obviously by Fields and refer to the magazine publication. Chapter headings are also written in this hand, and notes, "Send proof to Mr. Fields." The many, many emendations, rearrangements, and additions in this "John Brent" manuscript are practically all obviously made in Hand A: very distinctive *g's*, *p's*, *s's*, and, though somewhat similar to Curtis's in final *d's*, the hand is very round and not at all of the easy flowing type.

"Edwin Brothertoft"—This manuscript is very little altered, too little, and not distinctively enough for discussion. External evidence, though, as we have seen before, indicates that William Winthrop edited this as well as the two others of the "three novels."

"The Canoe and the Saddle"—This manuscript is much changed. Most often the changes are evidently the work of Theodore Winthrop himself. Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson's writing closely resembles that of the rest of her family, but is distinctive in *s's*, *t's*, *c's*, *k's*, and *the's*. She takes her pen off the paper more than Theodore Winthrop and much more than Curtis, and her writing has more of the Winthrop angularity than her husband's. She has made most of the changes here. On the last page "flirted with the buxom thirteenth of a boss Mormon" is discreetly altered to "chatted with the buxom thirteenth . . ." in pencil. The use of pencil in editing is rare. It is often used in pagination, but only once or twice in editing copy. It is difficult to ascribe a single pencilled word. I was at first of the opinion that it was the work of Curtis, but now I think that William Winthrop (on the strength of the form of the *t's*) or that James T. Fields might have done it. I do not think it is characteris-

tic of Mrs. Johnson, though alteration elsewhere from the presumably obnoxious "flirtation" is made in her hand.

"Isthmiana"—Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson wrote to Mr. Fields, September 1, 1862: "I send you the manuscript of Theodore's that Templeton has mentioned to you. As you will perceive, it is merely a journal, though a fresh and pleasant one. . . . I have reread the manuscript and sent it exactly as I found it." I have found but one evidence of her editing: "home of unchange" (p. 1) is made to read "home of unchanging repose." There are, however, several places where she has touched up letters here and there to make them more legible.

"Life in the Open Air"—Here we have the manuscript of the "biographical cameo" in Mr. Curtis's flowing hand; and the military piece, "Voices of Contraband," printed in the *Atlantic* with it, bears numerous marks of his editing. Every one seems to have taken a hand in connection with some part or other of this volume, though Curtis is more in evidence than any one else. A passage in "Voices of Contraband" stands: "The Silver Gray Army needs a frisky element interfused. On the other hand, the new army needs to be taught a lesson in method by the old: AND THE TWO COMBINED WILL MAKE THE GRAND ARMY OF CIVILIZATION." The italics are obviously Hand A (William Winthrop); and the small capitals are a further addition by Curtis. Thus Curtis in point of time obviously followed William Winthrop, who probably brought this part of the manuscript home from the field. In the "Life in the Open Air" sketch itself, we have the first chapter heading by Mr. Fields, several other chapter headings by Curtis, unmistakable marks of Curtis's work on p. 274, and the splendid climax of the last sentence by Curtis. There are many pencilled cancellations, unattributable. On p. 94, in connection with some of the pencilled cancellation, is writing in Mrs. Johnson's hand.

In conclusion, then, we may say—putting direct and indirect evidence together—that William Winthrop (for Hand A is his) edited "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent." "Edwin Brothertoft" was practically untouched, and what little work was done on it cannot be ascribed. Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson took a leading part in arrangements, carrying on the purely business arrangements through her husband, Mr. W. Templeton Johnson. She edited "The Canoe and the Saddle," though it is probable that William also looked it over, and that Curtis altered it once or twice. She touched "Isthmiana" at least once—probably not more—but had charge of the publication of it.

Now, let us see what part was played by Mr. Curtis, who signed the prefatory note in "Life in the Open Air." "Love and Skates" was read by him, and it was he who suggested to Theodore Winthrop that it be sent to Lowell. A letter from Miss Elizabeth Winthrop to Mr. Fields, January 30, 1863 (cf. "Modern Language Notes," February, 1915) clearly states: "'Love and Skates,' which he immediately recommended his sending to the *Atlantic*, and gave him a note of introduction to Lowell to facilitate its acceptance." The military sketches and "The Heart of the Andes," also in this volume, were reprinted from the earlier printed forms. Of "Brightly's Orphan" I cannot say. "Life in the Open Air" was tampered with by Mrs. Johnson; but Curtis probably put the final touches to it, as he did in the arrangement of the military

sketches. This supervision in the publication of the last volume—which Mrs. Fields plainly tells me necessitated a trip to Boston—warranted the phraseology of, and the signature to, the prefatory note. Miss Elizabeth Winthrop told Mr. Fields in her letter, above quoted, that Mr. Curtis had "made himself familiar with nearly everything Theodore [had] written, unpublished as well as published." He was a friend of the family; he had had published six books of his own by 1861, and it would have been the most usual thing in the world for him to be called in as assistant and adviser.

Of the other books of Winthrop which have seen the printing shop, the autobiographical "Life and Poems" (1884) was put together by his sister, Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson; and "Mr. Waddy's Return" (1904) was edited and considerably altered by Mr. Burton E. Stevenson at the request of Henry Holt & Company. It was only in the case of the early books that any question as to editorship arose, and that I believe I have settled by investigating the original manuscripts and by means of the old letters, and also by the gracious assistance of Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Fields, who were exceptionally obliging in their loans of authentic manuscript material.*

Literature

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF PEACE.

Ways to Lasting Peace. By David Starr Jordan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1 net.

If all roads to-day led towards peace as inevitably as all roads of old were said to lead to Rome, Dr. Jordan's book might convince the reader that the way could hardly be missed. So many roads are pointed out that it would seem hard to stray from one without chancing upon another. Even Mr. Ford's route gets a page or two in an appendix, though the book went to press soon enough to relieve the author from the embarrassment of having to deal with anything but its inception. After reading the volume through, one is obliged to say that it shows no feasible path to an end of the present struggle, though it is not without valuable suggestions for the remoter future. Many readers will be disturbed to see that so large a number of those who really want peace can unite in avoiding any close grip with the one greatest difficulty lying in the way. The many organizations and individuals whose plans and views the author records, with few exceptions, fail to realize

*Just before this article goes to press, Miss Elizabeth Winthrop Johnson sends the following extract from some memoranda by Elizabeth Woolsey Winthrop, the sister of Theodore: "Before my brother Will went back to the war, in that period of about a month, Mr. and Mrs. Fields made their way here, and Mr. Fields said he had heard that my brother Theo had left some manuscript novels, and asked the privilege of being their publisher at the usual rates. We all consented, and it led to an intimate acquaintance with them, so that Mrs. Fields became one of my sister's greatest friends and correspondents. My brother Wm. spent the month before he went back to the army in preparing and revising my brother's work for publication."

the utter futility of any talk of peace that does not frankly recognize the great wrong of the Central Powers which brought on the war, and which crushed an innocent neutral nation, in violation of express treaty agreement, as a mere incident of its prosecution. To talk as if peace were a mere matter of adjusting conflicting claims is to talk to the winds. The moral judgment of the outside world is that the presence of Germany's armies on any part of the soil which they now occupy outside the limits of the German Empire is a moral wrong, and that no peace can have a satisfactory moral basis unless it shall be preceded by, or shall provide guarantees for, the return of those armies to their own land. No one who really knows the temper of England, France, and Russia can suppose that any one of them will agree to a treaty which shall leave Germany in Belgian, French, Servian, or Russian territory. The Germans can remain in possession of any part of these temporary conquests only with every one of the Allies finally defeated. And such a result could be effected only with the corollary of a deep-seated feeling throughout every land but Germany and Austria that one of the most stupendous wrongs of history had been perpetrated. Is there any "way to lasting peace" in that direction? The peace which is to close this struggle can come only when Germany shall reconcile herself to accept the judgment of the world against her occupation of lands not her own, and the more clearly and persistently that judgment is kept in the forefront of discussion the better will be the chance that Germany herself will accept it without waiting to drain the last available drop of blood in resistance.

The various agencies and individuals represented in this book seem pretty generally in accord in the thought that the manufacture of munitions of war should be placed entirely in the hands of the Government, in each country. In some cases this is evidently but a part of the movement in favor of government appropriation of all industries, but with the majority of those who here express themselves it seems due to the belief that wars are brought on, at least indirectly, to swell the profits of munition-makers. No evidence of any war actually so engendered has been adduced. On the other hand, in a country like our own, it is seriously questionable whether the taking of the munition business into the hands of the Government would not have an effect exactly opposite to that desired. Our private munition-makers will manufacture only that for which they can find sale, as otherwise they would destroy their own profits. The Government buys the amount that those interested can persuade Congress to make appropriations for. Now, suppose private sources of supply to be cut off, through Government action, and our militarist agitators will at once have the effectiveness of their arguments for "preparedness" enormously enhanced. We should be told insistently that

as there was but one source of supply, we must be ready in advance for the greatest possible depletion of our stock in hand, and the argument would undoubtedly appeal to the masses with greater effect under such circumstances. And with the piling up of Government-made powder, cannon, shells, and torpedoes, the requests for more men to use them would become more numerous and insistent. This country and others will do well to look very sharply into the question of nationalizing the manufacture of all war munitions before taking so radical a leap.

Dr. Jordan himself sees the inherent weakness of many points in the propositions of others which he records, and not infrequently puts in a word of caution or dissent. While he does not hesitate on his own account to speak of "the passing of nationalism," he makes it clear that the kind of "federation of the world" to which he looks forward as inevitable is not that which would destroy local autonomy in local matters. But federation in Europe can come only "so soon or so far as the European peoples of these states take possession of their governments." The democratic portion of Europe cannot successfully federate with the autocratic, and so long as the two forms remain each must be more or less a menace to the other. One can readily read between the lines Dr. Jordan's belief and hope that democracy will be largely the gainer in the readjustments which will follow the war, though his well-known views of the deteriorating biological effects of war make it impossible for him to look forward to any good that may come as in any sense an adequate compensation for the evil. In a federated Europe, as compared with the United States, he clearly recognizes that a much greater emphasis would have to be placed upon "State rights." In other words, in his theorizing he does not ignore facts.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Red Horizon. By Patrick MacGill. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Among British novelists at the front, Patrick MacGill has had a unique experience as a private in the trenches with the London Irish. We have known this young writer as a story-teller of power and promise. "The Rat-Pit" and "Children of the Dead End" strikingly expressed a youth which had fought its way above the brutality and apathy of the "submerged" to a real faith in the worthiness of human nature and the dignity of human life. The result of his latest adventure is a book of somewhat anomalous sort, but of characteristic vigor and sincerity. Strictly, it is more chronicle than novel, and yet it is such a chronicle as only a novelist could have written. It has its grim realism and its unquenchable romance. Often it reflects the dazed bewilderment of the private soldier fighting a battle which he vaguely feels to be none of his:

"Bill cowered down as the shell burst, then sat upright again.

"'I'm gettin' more afraid of these things every hour,' he said; 'what is the war about?'

"'I don't know,' I answered.

"'I'm sick of it,' Bill muttered.

"'Why did you join?'

"'To save myself the trouble of telling people why I didn't,' he answered with a laugh. 'Flat on yer tummy, Rifleman Teake; there's another shell.'"

No more unsparing picture of life and death in the trenches has been painted. The physical torment and squalor and the long-drawn nervous strain of this new warfare are poignantly brought home. Yet the atmosphere of the book as a whole reminds one that this is a war of young men, to whom even horror is an adventure not to be despised. Mr. MacGill himself is young; and his record closes upon a night-scene in a snug barn, a little haven of momentary peace, the soldiers going to sleep with their cigarettes between their fingers, tasting the delight of comfort—that is, of freedom from pain. "There is romance and joy," concludes our chronicler, "in the life of the soldier."

Narcissus. By Viola Meynell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

There is a finished but rather pale irony about this story which will not endear it either to the reader who is looking for something pleasant or to the reader who is looking for something strong. Miss Meynell looks upon life with an inquiring but not over-hopeful eye. Her air is that of the mildly pessimistic physician who shakes his head over every diagnosis, while admitting amiably enough that things might be worse. It is impossible to feel that she is vigorously interested in most of the persons of her present story except as cases to be disposed of, dealt with in workmanlike fashion. On the surface her method is the "slice-of-life" method. We seem to be introduced casually to the Carmichaels as persons who happen to have fallen in our line of vision, and who may as well be scrutinized as any others. Our observations are conducted with a well-bred, low-toned languor, but quite without scruple. There is nothing about these good people, physical or mental or moral, that is going to escape us if we know it. We share their meals with them, and their couches. We look into their hearts and see the egotism and the triviality, the fine impulses and frittered or baffled aspirations. We find them groping, and we leave them groping. There is hardly an action here; in its place we have a slow kaleidoscopic vision of human relations, now in this figure, now in that—always provisional. The persons may be virtually reduced to four—Victor and Jimmy Carmichael, Edie and Imogen. Victor and Jimmy are brothers, bound to each other by the tie of blood and habit, but in no way alike. Victor has stronger elements of mind and character, but less control. He is a seeker and a lover; he is capable of falling into the mud, but always with his eyes upon the stars. Jimmy is the trim, competent,

self-sufficient type—Narcissus, in love with himself and suspicious of every person, every force, that threatens to break the bubble which isolates him. He has no further ambition than the infinite confirmation of his egotism. He makes his way, steadily and respectably; while poor Victor pursues his wandering fires—and breaks his foolish heart on the journey. The most extraordinary episode in the story is Victor's relation with Edie, little vulgar, loyal Edie, who from being his casual mistress becomes his friend. The story of their initial experience is told with that calm, cool exactitude of detail which even authors of natural reticence now feel obliged to employ. Scarcely a recent novel of merit, English or American, has lacked some such episode to edify the youthful reader with. But Edie is real, the one person for whom the reader contracts a strong liking and respect. Edie's adored friend Imogen becomes the real passion of Victor's life; and life supremely manifests its ironical intention towards him by making Narcissus-like Jimmy the object of Imogen's grand passion, and involving him, hapless, in the bond of which Victor is so fain. "Why am I so singled out?" cries Victor to his own soul. "You are not," comes the answer; "or each one is singled out to go from what he was to something better." A truism which has characteristic freshness for Victor, and which we hope he may be able to cling to and get comfort from.

Six Star Ranch. By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: The Page Co.

The Girl from the Big Horn Country. By Mary Ellen Chase. Boston: The Page Co.

If we may judge by some of their books, the ladies who write fiction for girls are by no means feminists. Clearly, they do not believe in the intellectual equality of the sexes. Stupid and wooden as some stories for boys are, we have yet to read any so hopelessly insipid as the latest book by the author of "Pollyanna." Do such authors know their audience? Presumably they do; yet surely no self-respecting boy would read fifty pages of "Six Star Ranch." We refrain from drawing any conclusion. Little girls, we used to be told, are made of sugar and spice and everything nice; Miss Porter has simplified the recipe, and made them out of unmitigated sugar. Perhaps the best way to review her book would be to borrow the diction of the society editor: it is gowned in old rose watered silk. By comparison, "The Girl from the Big Horn Country" appears excellent; it really is a wholesome and moderately entertaining story. In theme, to be sure, it is not very different from "Six Star Ranch." In Miss Porter's book six New England girls pay a visit to a ranch in Texas; in Miss Chase's, a girl brought up on a Wyoming ranch goes back to New England to the boarding school which her mother once attended. Both thus lean heavily on the contrast between East and West; but here, fortunately, the resemblance stops. Virginia Hunter has a good

measure of spice as well as of sugar in her make-up, and is a human and interesting Western girl. The picture of the East is rather naïvely Western; one might suppose that New England was inhabited only by Standishes, Aldens, and Winthrops. The account of life in the boarding school sounds comparatively real, though the naughtiness of the one bad girl is disappointingly trifling. On the whole, "The Girl of the Big Horn Country" is better than most books of its type. Both volumes are rather crudely illustrated.

Burkesees Amy. By Julie M. Lippmann. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

While the heroine who has served a term is having her day on the stage, the hero who was convicted but didn't deserve it continues to hold his own in fiction. In "Burkesees Amy" he was an East Side lad out of work, who stole a bottle of milk for a starving woman. He grew up to have his gift for painting developed by a social investigator who had come down from upper Fifth Avenue to live in "Craigden Street," accompanied by his spoiled young daughter. After numerous talents have been discovered in the intellectual milieu of Cooper Union, after the spoiled young daughter has learned something of the simpler life and public-school discipline, and after her hard-hearted plutocrat of a grandfather has been severely punished for maintaining a factory building with inadequate fire escapes, said grandfather is allowed to redeem himself by having the unfortunate lad's picture taken out of the rogues' gallery, and the whole story has its social tone immeasurably elevated by the importation of a titled grandmamma for the dear boy.

The Crimson Gardenia, and Other Tales of Adventure. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Bros.

In the course of an article belaboring American novelists, printed about a year ago, Mr. Owen Wister rather surprisingly included Mr. Beach among the half-dozen current story-tellers for whom a good word might be said. "Mr. Beach's stories," he said, "are by no means sham. His Alaskan material is first-rate, and he knows it at first-hand. His plots are rough and athletic, and his characters belong to them." Recalling this commendation, the reviewer took up the present collection of tales with a good deal of interest, as, rather strangely perhaps, his first personal introduction to the admired author. Roughness, athleticism, and doubtless authentic local color and atmosphere are here. Otherwise there would be a very thin line indeed between them and the "quack" fiction with which Mr. Wister is so indignant. There are traces of characterization—quite all that can fairly be looked for in fiction of this sort. One figure, big, chivalrous McGill, has elements of staying power. But the action which includes him is so frankly melodramatic or movie-like that we think of him in the end sim-

ply as a good "part." The physical perils and sufferings of frontier life, the slow tortures of the trail, which Mr. Jack London has so voluptuously familiarized, are here again made much of. The favorite thing is to set a man or a pair of men some apparently impossible "stunt" of physical endurance, and permit them, or some part of them, to live and tell the tale. A number of the tales here gathered, however, are in other atmospheres or other moods. Two stories laid in the Caribbean, with their desperate Haitian hero, have quite their share of brutal horrors. The sedentary urban or suburban reader has an apparently insatiable thirst for blood and torture, and it is he, presumably, who encourages writers like Mr. London and Mr. Beach to leave nothing unimagined or unsaid as to the possibilities of human wild-beastliness. In the other great matter of sex, or, to put it plainly, of lust, some reticences must even now be observed; but cruelty has free run with publishers and public. Often a species of Sadistic impulse seems involved in this kind of thing. Mr. Beach does not out-Jack Mr. London, and, in the main, seems to have a merely boyish enjoyment of pain and gore. "The Wag-Lady," "Man Proposes," and "The Crimson Gardenia" are bits of romantic comedy, well if obviously contrived. If you analyze them they are absurd enough; but such tales should be read with an open, not to say vacant, mind.

ANOTHER BOOK FOR MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS.

On Alpine Heights and British Crags. By George D. Abraham, author of "The Complete Mountaineer," etc. With 24 illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

The publication in England, in the middle of the present war, of another book dealing with the exploits of mountain climbers, is a curious evidence of the extent to which the passion for scaling dangerous rocks has spread in Europe, chiefly perhaps in England, but largely also in Switzerland, Germany, Austria, and Italy. This taste is a very new thing. A century and a half ago Edward Gibbon noted in his autobiography that of late years people "had begun to visit the glaciers" in Switzerland, and about the same time the Genevese philosopher, Saussure, made his famous ascent of Mont Blanc. But the taste for climbing as a regular pursuit or sport came a good deal later. It began first in England, and chiefly among Oxford and Cambridge professors and tutors, about the middle of last century, and simultaneously in Switzerland. Thence it spread to the Viennese, and then over Germany; and a little later to Italy. It has never struck deep root in France, and does not seem to have touched Spain or Russia. At first the great peaks and high snow passes of the Alps were attacked, and practically all of them had been ascended or

traversed before 1890. Then men ambitious of distinction tried to find new routes, usually, of course, more difficult than those first discovered. Then, as these also came to be exhausted, they set to work upon minor summits, not necessarily lofty, but formidable by their steepness. This developed the special branch of rock-climbing, and such regions as the Venetian Alps between Tyrol and Italy, where there is an endless profusion of rocky crags and spires, regions which scarcely a traveller entered so late as fifty years ago, have of late been crowded by athletic youths from England and Germany, risking their lives on ledges and in gullies which none but birds had ever reached before. Finally, about twenty years ago, it occurred to the young Englishmen that they had precipices and rocky pinnacles in their own country on which it would be just as easy to break one's neck as in the wildest parts of the Alps. So nowadays the mountain group in which the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland lie, and the craggy heights of Snowdon and Glydir Vawr and the peaks of the isle of Skye, and many another region in the Scottish Highlands, see every spring and summer a crowd of young men scaling rocks that look absolutely inaccessible to the ordinary tourist, or dangling at the end of ropes half-way up some frowning precipice. It is all very strange, even to those few surviving veterans of the generation which conquered the great peaks of the Alps in the sixties and seventies of last century; and one wonders whether so new a taste will last, though it is not confined to the English, for (as already observed) Germans and Austrians, as well as now and then an American, are scarcely less keen in the pursuit.

The author of the present volume belongs to this new school of climbing for climbing's sake, and is an enthusiast of the right sort, and certainly of that new sort which values each expedition in proportion to its danger. His narratives of climbs in the Dolomite mountains round Val Fassa and Cortina d'Ampezzo, in the Venetian Alps, and in the Bernese Oberland, and among the Aiguilles of Mont Blanc, and in North Wales, and in the Coolin Hills of Skye, are very spirited, and provide good reading to those who know these regions. For those who do not, they will possess less interest, though the photographic pictures of men hanging on by their fingernails to all but invisible crevices in smooth faces of rock, or dangling suspended in mid-air by a rope that seems to come down out of nowhere, have a certain fascination for the simple-minded reader, and are calculated to strike horror into the hearts of the mothers and sisters of these heroes. The philosophic psychologist may find in them matter for speculating as to the relations between the sense of pleasure and the sense of danger. There are, however, besides the chapters which recount these adventures, three others which make a wider appeal. One of these chapters relates to

the Swiss guides, a remarkable class of men, admirably faithful to their employers, and often attractive personalities. Mr. Abraham says, with justice: "From youth upwards accustomed to danger and conversant with Nature in her wildest and sternest moods, the first-class guide is a perfect gentleman in the truest sense of the word." He remarks that it is odd that the guide, extremely skilful in judging of weather and distance and direction in his own way, is too apt to disdain the use of map and compass. Another chapter discusses the problem, How to Climb Safely; and points out that, although mountaineering accidents had, in the years just preceding the war, become alarmingly frequent, the great majority of fatal casualties, naturally far more numerous than they were in the days when comparatively few people visited the higher Alps, have little to do with real mountaineering. Every accident is reported as if it occurred on one of the great and really difficult ascents, whereas most of them happen in places where with reasonable care there would be no danger, and, as regards the more serious expeditions, they happen because the tourist is inexperienced, or is out of condition, unfit for difficult work, or has taken no guide, or has persisted in going on when the weather was obviously threatening. It is quite unusual for a mishap to befall a party of capable men, led by a capable guide, and using ordinary prudence, especially in respect of weather. One risk is sometimes inevitable, the risk of falling stones, but even this can generally be avoided by traversing the danger-points early in the morning before the sun has loosened the frost that holds the loose stones in their places. Another danger is not mentioned by our author, though it is the source of not a few fatalities, just because it doesn't look alarming, as Bacon says that the less a danger is foreseen, the worse it is. This danger is a steep grass slope. There is nothing, hardly perhaps even an ice slope, on which it is so difficult for a man who once slips to stop himself as on a steeply inclined surface of short, dry grass.

A third and very interesting chapter is devoted to the birds of prey encountered in high mountains. It gives an extremely interesting account of the eagle, the buzzard, the peregrine falcon, the kestrel (the small British hawk), and the raven, as these birds are seen in the mountains of the English Lakeland. All are pretty frequent there, except the eagle, which, when seen, is probably an occasional visitor from Scotland, in whose northwestern Highlands he has become less rare since gamekeepers began to be forbidden to destroy him. The osprey, most beautiful of American birds of prey, is no longer to be found in England, and in Scotland nests only in two or three spots. Of these birds of the Lake mountains, the buzzard is the largest, and in the places where it is frequent the most destructive. The falcon is the boldest and the most hand-

some, graceful in its form and in its flight. The kestrel is the most common and the smallest. Oddly enough, those who describe life in the trenches of the armies of the belligerent nations in France speak of this last-mentioned bird as absolutely disregarding of the operations of war. It pursues its prey, quite indifferent to the flight of shot and shell.

Two things have rather surprised us in the work of so well-informed a writer as Mr. Abraham. One is his habit of talking of "the Tyrol," or even "the Austrian Tyrol." Tyrol is no more entitled to a "the" than Styria or Carinthia or Croatia. It is "Grafenschaft Tirol," the County of Tirol, a castle near Meran. There is only one Tyrol, and it is part of the Austrian dominions. The phrase "Bavarian Tyrol," sometimes used to describe the mountainous region of southern Bavaria that lies along the Austrian border, is quite incorrect. The other criticism relates to our author's remark that "all rocks are much the same from a practical climbing point of view." If he means merely that strength and skill are equally indispensable upon all rocks everywhere, this is true enough. But there are great differences between climbing on limestone rocks, like the dolomites of Cortina, for example, and on slate rocks like those of Cumberland, and granite rocks like those of Mont Blanc or Ben Cruachan, or the Yosemite Valley, and gneiss rocks like many of the mountains of Norway, and trap rocks like those of Arthur's Seat at Edinburgh, or of parts of the Cascade range in Oregon and Washington. These last two are usually more difficult than they look, whereas the former are often easier than their aspect from a distance promises. Each kind of rock has its own kind of fracture; and it adds to the interest of a climb to know and adapt one's self to the idiosyncrasy of each.

A FAMOUS FILIBUSTER.

The Lopez Expeditions to Cuba, 1848-1851.
By Robert Granville Caldwell. Princeton University Press. \$1.25 net.

The author of this monograph, who is an assistant professor of history at Rice Institute, Texas, has shown exceptionally good judgment in linking up the expeditions of his erratic Venezuelan hero to the greater problems of slavery and the Missouri Compromise which were agitating the United States at the same time. In this way he makes the tragic end of Lopez not only interesting for its own sake, but for the light it sheds on the frantic spirit of compromise of the times and the blindness of even the greatest American statesmen to the impending catastrophe of the Civil War.

Narciso Lopez was born about 1799 in Venezuela. In 1814 he enlisted in the Spanish army against the patriots under Bolivar. In 1823, when the Spaniards were driven out of Venezuela, Lopez withdrew to Cuba, where he married and identified his interests

with those of the island. Later he went to Spain, where he took an active part in suppressing the Carlists and in placing Maria Christina on the throne. As a reward for his numerous services he was eventually appointed Governor of Trinidad, in the central part of Cuba. But before long he began to intrigue for the separation of Cuba from Spain; and he felt confident of the support of the United States. This became his dream. He plotted an uprising for 1848, was betrayed, and was forced to flee the island. He went to New York, and at once found himself a popular hero. Cuban students and exiles in New York had already organized a junta as a centre for propaganda, and Lopez seemed a leader sent by Providence. Contributions flowed in, despite the official opposition of the United States Government, and an expedition was organized to start from Round Island, near New Orleans. But the vigilance of the governmental authorities defeated this enterprise.

Lopez was far from discouraged. By 1850, with great caution, he had gathered together a considerable number of volunteers from the Western and Southwestern States, and had prepared a new expedition. It reached Cuba successfully, after many adventures, and captured the town of Cardenas. But the Cuban citizens, on whose coöperation Lopez had counted, showed no inclination to revolt against the Spaniards. The expedition was forced to retire from Cardenas, and finally to return to Key West.

The last attempt to invade Cuba and stir up a successful rebellion was made in the summer of 1851. To the end, Lopez seemed to be inspired by confidence in the dissatisfaction of the Creoles with the Spanish rule. He could not understand that the fear of servile insurrection, instigated by the Spanish captain-general, held the Cuban whites in terrorized submission. So he set out with his men, led them to Cuba, expecting to have thousands join his flag, and found himself instead cut off, without support of any kind. He and his Americans fought bravely until they were killed, starved to death, or made prisoners and executed. The United States Government, bound by treaty of friendship with Spain, could do nothing. The filibusters had renounced American protection when they set out on a hostile expedition against a friendly country. Lopez himself was executed at Havana on August 31.

Of course, there was great indignation in the United States, especially in the Southern parts, where the annexation of Cuba was regarded as almost vital to the interests of slavery. Relations with Spain were strained. The Democrats made strong political capital out of the whole affair; France and Great Britain were both alarmed at the prospect of Cuba passing into the hands of the United States, England being afraid that if the South should add Cuba the North would immediately seek to add new free territory and would look to Canada. But the feeling subsided at home and abroad, and was final-

ly lost entirely as the question of civil war loomed darkly. Spain took additional precautions to guard Cuba, and by April, 1852, seemed to have gained unquestioned supremacy. But Lopez had started a movement which grew in spite of every obstacle, and only culminated in the events of the Spanish-American War.

Mr. Caldwell has described the details of the various expeditions with great precision and with considerable literary effect. With the exception of the first chapter, which is given over to a discussion of the Cuban Government, and is perhaps more ample than was necessary, none of the reading is dry. In fact, Mr. Caldwell has shown something of the power of the historical novelist as well as of the mere historian. He deserves great credit for unearthing much valuable material, especially certain unpublished Spanish manuscripts in the archives at Havana, and for presenting it with fairness and skill.

A HALF-FORGOTTEN NOVELIST.

The Life and Romances of Mrs. Eliza Haywood. By George Frisbie Whicher. New York: Lemcke & Buechner. \$1.50 net.

Mrs. Eliza Haywood was a "lady novelist" of the eighteenth century, in the second quarter of which was written the body of her work. She was highly popular in her time, but might have sunk into an even deeper obscurity than that which now enfolds her, had not Pope been so eager to kill her reputation as to keep it half alive. By his characterization she holds an unenviable place in the annals of literature. From a desuetude hardly innocuous, Professor Whicher does not seek to rescue her. He is not, as he tells us, trying "to revive the reputation of a forgotten author, or to suggest that Mrs. Haywood may yet 'come into her own.'" He defines his purpose in another passage: "Though Eliza Haywood has produced nothing which the world has not willingly let die, yet at least the obituary of her works deserves to be recorded in the history of fiction." The obituary is by no means gloomy reading.

"The Ouida of a bygone day" Mr. Gosse has called Mrs. Haywood, and the term is a just one. There is variety in her work, but with few exceptions her fictions are of the literature of passion. Scandalous as it often is, too, it is pure passion in the sense that it is not applied. It is put into words, but it is not felt. It is a factitious glow, like that of a gas-log or an electric heater, which takes the place of a wood fire only so long as one does not look directly at it. The passion of these romances is not felt, because, unless the reader is susceptible up to the bounds of sentimentality, there is no one to feel it. All its sound and fury signify nothing, because the characters are mere cardboard figures. Authors may tell us in as many words as they please that their jointed wooden dolls have aching hearts or yearning

spirits, but we do not find the emotions contagious; we cannot feel them ourselves.

The day of this Ouida was bygone in a sense even at its dawning. The modern novel was just beginning to take shape when Mrs. Haywood began to write. Many ingredients go to the making of it, but most important of all elements to its success was the entering into its action of real persons actuated by real emotions to take the place of marionettes draped in tarnished theatrical splendors. This the fiction of the former age did not have. One need only glance, for example, at the prose form of any story which Shakespeare made his own, to see that a mere list of actions and emotions sufficed for the readers of that time—whatever they demanded on the stage, they were easily satisfied in the matter of prose fiction. Writers of prose narratives might have learned the lesson, if the time had been ripe, at any period after Chaucer from the "Troilus," or from the drama at any time after Shakespeare. It was not, however, until twenty-five or thirty years before Mrs. Haywood's active period that prose fiction began to be important enough to receive attention from the dramatists, and then the new art they brought to it was not that of character, but of the "design and contexture of the plot," as Congreve explained it. The emotions of the characters remained theatrical rather than dramatic.

The change from the expository to the dramatic method of dealing with emotion in fiction seems to have been brought about less by the drama than by the expository essay. The drama of the Restoration was, as Lamb called it, a "Utopia of gallantry," because in its fictions evil doings had no evil consequences. The play is merry because it does not "drop you when you've done on the thoughts that burn like iron when you think." If the victim of the intrigue tries to express emotion, it is in set theatrical terms at which the audience may without discomfort of conscience laugh with the hero. Addison and Steele, in their attempts to reform the ways of a society in which gallantry had well-nigh realized its Utopia, sought effects of realism in dealing with intrigue, and attained what "The Unfortunate Lesbia," in writing to the *Spectator*, calls "the art of making such odious customs appear detestable" (*Spectator*, No. 611). It is hardly more than the art of making the reader feel deeply and truly the emotions of the victim of the intrigue. For the theatrical ravings and groans of seventeenth-century fiction, Addison and Steele substituted a realism that brought out as had hardly been done before in prose the poignancy of grief and height of despair that belong to the situation. This it is which (if anything does it) puts "Clarissa Harlowe" "on the same shelf with the works of Moses, Homer, and Euripides." The lack of it puts Richardson's contemporary, Mrs. Haywood, in the limbo of dust and obscurity.

It is true that the example of Richardson was not before her till it was almost too

late. "Pamela" did not appear until the greater part of her work was written, and "Clarissa Harlowe" came nearly at the end of her literary career, as did "Joseph Andrews," "Roderick Random," and "Tom Jones." In "The Fortunate Foundlings," "Life's Progress through the Passions," and "Betsy Thoughtless," Mrs. Haywood seems to take account of the true drift of the current; she seems to write with the example of her contemporaries before her, rather than with an eye to the successes of the past century. There are suggestions in these of Defoe and Richardson, a forward look to Miss Burney, and even farther ahead, in "Life's Progress through the Passions," towards Rousseau and Mrs. Radcliffe. But, as Professor Whicher tells us, "so complete and rapid had been the development of prose fiction during her literary life that she was unable quite to comprehend the magnitude of the change. Her early training in romance writing had left too indelible a stamp upon her mind. She was never able to apprehend the full possibilities of the newer fiction, and her success as a novelist was only an evidence of her ability to create the image of a literary form without mastering its technique. So at the maturity of her powers she lacked a vessel worthy of holding the stores of her experience, and first and last she never exceeded the permutations of sensationalism possible in the short amatory romance."

Professor Whicher modestly terms his book a footnote in Professor Trent's forthcoming "Life and Times of Daniel Defoe." In point of fact, it supplies more than one chapter in the intricate literary history of the eighteenth century. The discussion of the Duncan Campbell pamphlets goes far towards clearing up Mrs. Haywood's known but hitherto undefined part in them. More important is the chapter on "The Heroine of 'The Dunciad,'" for its uncovering of the many ramifications of the quarrel, and the evidence to the power of "Pope Alexander" as a literary dictator. It appears that the attack was not, as Professor Lounsbury thought, ineffective to damage the fortunes of its victims. On the contrary, it practically destroyed the commercial value of Mrs. Haywood's name, a value that is illustrated by the attempts of publishers to insure the popularity of novels by giving the impression directly or indirectly that they were of her authorship. After "The Dunciad" she took refuge in anonymity, and faced a struggle of ten years to regain her prosperity. Thereafter she "seems to have returned to the production of perishable literature with less inclination to gallantry than she had evinced in her earlier romances."

Most of all, one is grateful to Professor Whicher for going into the minutiae of his subject without pedantry. It is so seldom that "the wise are merry of tongue" that we learn to think it normal for scholarship to abandon all sense of humor. In this book the sense of humor is not lacking. It is precise in details, but handles them with a

lightness of touch that leaves them bright rather than dusty. It is a "literary obituary" more readable to-day than the works it commemorates.

RECORDS OF CIVILIZATION.

Hellenic Civilization. Edited by G. W. Botsford and E. H. Sihler, with Contributions from Prof. William L. Westermann, Charles J. Ogden, and others. New York: Columbia University Press.

This is the first volume in a comprehensive series of Records of Civilization, of which Prof. James T. Shotwell, of Columbia University, is general editor, and which is to include, for the most important periods and movements in the world's history, "documents in translation, commentaries and interpretations, and bibliographical guides." "The aim of the series of which this volume forms a part is two-fold," says Professor Shotwell. "In the first place, its intention is to make accessible those sources of the history of Europe and of the Near East which are of prime importance for the understanding of Western civilization. In the second place, both by the treatment of these texts and by special studies, it covers the work of modern scholars in these fields. It is, therefore, a guide both to the original documents and to recent criticism. . . . The selections (in this instance) have been made, not for specialists, but for those who are interested in general Hellenic culture."

The limitations inherent in such a series are also two-fold. In the first place, as Professor Botsford points out, the records that come in question are exclusively written records. A single illustration will suffice to show what this means. A map of the island of Delos cannot be included: yet it would reveal, within the limits of the ancient town, the temples of the old Greek gods and goddesses clustered together at the edge of the sacred harbor; without the limits of the ancient town, the temples of the deities that came from abroad—from Samothrace, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt—clustered together on the slopes of Mount Cythnus; and in lowly yet proud isolation, the synagogue of the Jews established in the outlying settlement at the edge of the back harbor. The omission of a record of civilization such as this is must warn us not to expect too much from Professor Shotwell's series.

The second limitation has been stated by Professor Shotwell himself: "No two scholars could agree as to what is absolutely best for a volume of the kind." Thus Professor Botsford, to whom the choice of materials was left, includes in the volume under review seven of Theophrastus's "Characters," while in his "Griechisches Lesebuch," which, too, has as its object to enable students *das Erbe des Altertums geschichtlich zu erfassen*, Wilamowitz includes eight "characters"—all of them different; and of the many passages quoted by each from Aristotle's "Politics" only three are common to

the two books. What this means, of course, is not that either the American or the German scholar has chosen unwisely, but that many more literary records than are contained in one or even both of their works must be used by students who draw history from its sources. In other words, this volume, as indeed Professor Shotwell very clearly intimates, contains illustrative material for a subject whose content and cohesion are determined by a textbook, a course of lectures, or a body of knowledge already possessed by the reader. No amount of study and analysis can derive from it alone an adequate conception of Hellenic civilization. On the other hand, it is only fair to add that without the materials it includes, and the inferences that can be made from them, no conception of Greek culture worth entertaining can be formed.

The documents here presented in attractive form have been well selected, the introductions and notes are scholarly and to the point, and the bibliographies are on the whole satisfactory. These are solid merits which entitle the volume to a cordial welcome. The translations, on the other hand, are extremely uneven. In fact, while those by Professors Botsford, Westermann, and their collaborators are smooth and accurate, and some of those reprinted are brilliant, Professor Sihler's are everything that translations ought not to be. Take, for example, the following poetical (?) rendering of Simonides's satire on women:

Another from the dog, of speedy gait, her mother's other self.
Set all to hear and all to know.
A-gazing everywhere and roving so.
She screams, though she sees no mortal soul.
Not even though he threatened could her husband make her stop,
Not even if in anger fit he'd break her teeth with a stone,
Nor even if to gentle speech resorteth he,
Nor either if 'mid guest-friends she should chance to sit,
But firmly does she hold her ineffectual scream.

And lest it be thought that, while his forte is clearly not versification, he may be equal to the lesser task of translating prose, we quote his version of a passage from Hippocrates from which the reader can hardly guess either the meaning or the "noble simplicity of the old Ionic language" of the original:

Asia, I claim, differs very much from Europe as to the physical properties of all—both plants and human beings; for everything grows much fairer and larger in Asia. One country (Asia) is milder than the other, the customs of the men are milder and better-tempered. The reason is the blending of the seasons, situated in the central point between the rising of the sun, toward the east, and further away from the cold. It permits (or furnishes) growth and mildness, most of all whenever nothing dominates in a drastic manner, but equal distribution holds sway over everything. In Asia, however, it is so not everywhere equally, but in all that territory which lies midway between the hot and the cold this is the most fruitful and has the

finest growth of trees; it has the clearest atmosphere and enjoys the finest waters, both from the sky and from the earth.

What Professor Sihler had translated from the Greek his co-editors should then have translated into English. Is it credible, in view of his lack of sensitiveness to the niceties of the English language, that, instead, they set him to work revising Jowett's renderings of Thucydides, Plato, and Aristotle? It is really a crime to have fine things like the Oath of Hippocrates (p. 298) and the Oath of the Ephebi (p. 479) presented in unidiomatic German-American English.

Notes

"Dante: How to Know Him," by Alfred M. Brooks, is announced by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Bibliographical Society of America has issued a limited edition of "The Foundations of Slavic Bibliography," by Robert Joseph Kerner.

Romain Rolland's work on Handel will be published by Henry Holt & Company in August.

Harper & Brothers announce for publication to-morrow "Blow the Man Down," by Holman Day, and "Principles of Constitutional Government," by Frank J. Goodnow.

"War and Humanity," by James M. Beck, and "The People Who Run," by Violetta Thurston, will be published shortly by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

We are requested to announce as "practically certain" that the annual meeting of the American Association of University Professors will be held at New York on Friday and Saturday, December 30 and 31. Further details will be published in the October Bulletin of the Association.

The thirty-eighth annual meeting of the American Library Association is being held this week, June 26 to July 1, at Asbury Park, N. J. The programme contains a list of subjects for discussion of much diversity and interest, among them the following: "How the Community Educates Itself"; "Children's Reading"; "Democracy in Modern Fiction"; "Leadership through Learning"; "Modern Drama as an Expression of Democracy"; "The New Poetry and Democracy"; "Some of the People We Work For"; "The American Public as Seen from the Circulation Deck"; "Establishing Libraries under Difficulties"; "One Hundred Years Ago"; "Times Past"; "The Public Library as Affected by Municipal Retrenchment"; "How Ontario Manages her Free Libraries"; "The Larger Publicity"; "Analysis of Library Legislation." A report of the proceedings will be published in the *Nation* next week.

We have received the ninth volume, that for 1916-1917, of "Who's Who in America" (Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.). First issued in 1899 with 8,602 biographies, the work now includes biographies to the number of 21,922, 2,589 having been added since the last issue. It is not necessary to dwell upon the

merits of an undertaking whose usefulness has been so well established as has that of "Who's Who in America."

"World Peace, How War Cannot Be Abolished, How It May Be Abolished," by John Bigelow (Kennerley; \$1.50 net), is an eminently hard-headed book. Major Bigelow crushes ruthlessly the various straws at which pacifism has eagerly clutched. Here are examples of his destructive criticism:

Experience has made it plain that one cannot prevent war by appealing to men's parsimony or to their pusillanimity.

Men cannot be shocked by scenes of slaughter or tales of blood into a renunciation of war.

No delusion about war is so hard to kill as the idea that the slaughter of the battlefield increases with the improvement of the implements and the development of the art of war.

Not only the perfection of armament, but also the idea of its reduction, or of disarmament, has created false hopes of a diminution or abolition of war. There is no such thing as perfect or absolute disarmament. A nation, like an individual, has always the means of fighting.

In a similar mood Major Bigelow discusses and rejects the theories of withholding war credits, of disciplining a bellicose power through boycott, of voluntary arbitration and arbitration enforced by an international police. On many of these points he will fail to convince the devotees of one or another remedy, but his argument is so cogently stated and so well reinforced by concrete examples from history that it must always be seriously considered. He supplements his destructive attack on all ideals of international sort with a constructive proposal for a federated world state. Subordinate nationalism to "worldism," and the incentives to war will cease, and with them will disappear the mystification and rignarole of diplomacy and international law. Major Bigelow sees the miniature type of such a world federation in Austria-Hungary. Of his main contention it may be said that it is theoretically quite right. Plainly if you reduce nationalism to a minimum, you will *pro tanto* abolish its most sinister product, war. This is almost truistic. But since it is very difficult to form the world federation, and, once formed, to hold it together, mankind may still for centuries be driven to the palliatives, with their accompanying apparatus of international law, which Major Bigelow dismisses with more than military impatience.

With patriotic devotion Mrs. Humphry Ward has turned from her usual literary preoccupations, which, as she confesses, in present times of trouble she has found a haven of refuge, to set right doubting friends in America as to the part which England is playing in the war. Exceptional facilities were given to her by the British authorities to gain acquaintance at first hand with the various activities of England in the prosecution of the war, and the results of her observations are embodied in a volume entitled "England's Effort" (Scribner; \$1 net), in the form of letters addressed to an imaginary friend in the United States. In a preface Mr. Choate epitomizes the author's conclusions. Mrs. Ward has been to the front in Flanders, has seen the fleet at work in the North Sea, has visited munitions factories in all parts of the country, and from her varied experiences she has brought away a dominant impression of determined and con-

centrated effort. Her glowing descriptions have great interest, and they will be read in this country with sympathy and respect. The chapters which deal with the organization of the manufacture of munitions and the manner in which labor problems have been solved are particularly informing. We think, however, that Mrs. Ward has received from her American friends an exaggerated notion of the amount of misunderstanding that exists in this country as to the extent of England's effort. Few Americans doubt the sincerity of her exertions, and those who do are of a type whom the Archangel Gabriel would be powerless to convert. What has given occasion to the enemy to blaspheme is not so much England's lack of effort as the misdirection of it which has been observed in many of the adventures on which she has embarked during the progress of the war. That full realization of what this war means could only come gradually to a democracy which was not brought into close personal contact with it is a fact generally appreciated by the better informed opinion in the United States. That realization has come finally is now, we think, pretty widely believed, but Mrs. Ward's book will help to a more intimate understanding of what it means for a country devoted to the arts of peace to rededicate itself in the space of twelve months to the uses of war.

The courtly lyrics of Guiot de Provins, trouvère of the late twelfth century, were well edited some years ago by Baudier. Youth over, Guiot turned monk and satirist: his long and interesting "Bible," the first extensive satire in the *langue d'oïl*, now appears in a critical text, very carefully prepared and annotated by John Orr, in "Les Œuvres de Guiot de Provins" (Longmans, Green; \$3 net). The opening lines reflect the poet's disturbed sense that the old feudal order is changing, and pass in review many of the leading public figures of the time. Then the lash is applied systematically and mercilessly to the clergy, high and low, to this order and to that, Benedictines, Cistercians, Carthusians, Premonstratensians, and the rest. At the very end of the poem lawyers and doctors receive their traditional share of mocking and reproach. The "Bible" had been printed before, but very carelessly. Mr. Orr's edition closes with another poem by Guiot, hitherto unpublished: a devotional allegory, called "l'Armeure du chevalier."

A "Memorandum Written by William Rotch in the Eightieth Year of His Age," published by Houghton Mifflin Co. in an attractive limited edition (\$3.50 net), throws interesting light upon a little-known episode of the American Revolution. Rotch was a Nantucket Quaker, born on the island in 1734, and engaged there for many years in a profitable whaling and shipping business. When the war came on, the people of Nantucket sought to remain neutral, and in consequence found themselves in collision with the patriots on the one hand and the British on the other. Rotch's "Memorandum," written, he tells us, at the request of a friend, is a naïve and entertaining account of the efforts which he and some of his Quaker associates made to obtain immunity for their vessels and save their industry from destruction; in the course of which he was tried before a committee of the Massachusetts General Court, matched wit and firmness with American and British

officers, and made a successful appeal to Congress. At the close of the war he went to England, and sought ministerial aid in establishing a whaling business there; adroitly urging, as a ground of consideration, that since Great Britain had prosecuted the war as a rebellion, and the people of Nantucket had never rebelled, the island had remained a part of the empire until separated from it by the treaty of peace. Pitt, he tells us, admitted the plea, but the opposition of Hawkesbury defeated the application, and Rotch went to France, where he presently set up a business at Dunkirk. In 1790 he again visited France, and the next year obtained from the National Assembly a guarantee of privileges and exemptions for Quakers which stood him in good stead during the first months of the war with Austria. In 1795 he removed to New Bedford, where he died in 1828. Appended to the "Memorandum" are the complaint of Thomas Jenkins against Rotch and others, which led to the trial at Boston in 1779, and the petition to the National Assembly, in 1791, with Mirabeau's reply.

"Domestic Life in Rumania," by Dorothea Kirke (Lane; \$1.50 net), is one of the numerous books that would probably never have been published had it not been for the interest aroused in various exotic places by the war. The author, a publisher's note informs us, spent some years as "lady-nurse" in the home of a family in Bucharest. She gives her impressions in the form of letters from "Millie Ormonde" to one Edmund Talbot, a masculine cousin in England, and as spice for the sentimentally inclined an undercurrent of romance runs through the correspondence, culminating in a final telegram consisting of the single word "Come." Fifteen minutes with an Encyclopædia would give one a more comprehensive idea of Rumania than is gained after reading this volume, and the exertion is hardly repaid by the glimpses of domestic life that one gets. We should say that the volume consists, as it pretends to, of private correspondence, embellished for publication, and that the polite letter-writer has been ill advised by admiring friends in attempting to court a wider audience.

Sane thinking on the question of prohibition should be assisted by the book of John Koren—long a special Government investigator of liquor legislation abroad, and one of the Committee of Fifty on temperance—on "Alcohol and Society" (Holt; \$1.25 net). Naturally the author strongly condemns intemperance; but his condemnation is nowhere better manifested than in his dissection of the extreme and mistaken efforts at reform that have constantly thwarted their own purpose. He begins by attacking the hysterically exaggerated statistics upon the responsibility of alcohol for degeneracy, disease, poverty, and crime, as disseminated in the pseudo-scientific tracts of many temperance organizations, pointing out not merely that their untruths prejudice the better informed against the propaganda, but that they satisfy many zealous haters of alcohol that the evil is so gross as to demand eradication by harsh laws and by the employment of clumsy weapons. Such men are little inclined to go behind the figures on mortality and economic distress supposed to be caused by drink to investigate the psychopathic peculiarities involved in alcoholism, or the degree to which it is a consequence of defects in

conditions of society rather than in the individual, or a score of other questions whose answer is really necessary to a scientific campaign against the evil. Drink reform in the United States Mr. Koren treats with a proper contempt for the experiments in legislation which foist prohibition by rural vote upon cities that will not enforce it; that pass binding laws in a wave of sadly temporary moral enthusiasm, and that antagonize the saloon into becoming a political force, corrupting executive and legislative chambers. He admits in this country a growing tendency towards practical abstinence, the result partly of a conviction of the dangers of alcohol, partly of the betterment of social standards; and he admits also that the public attitude towards temperance has greatly changed. But he shows that religion, education, the demand for industrial efficiency have all played a part in this attitude. That even a decided majority has a right to enact prohibitory laws he denies, for a public law of this kind, to be effective, requires much more than a majority to support it—it demands general acquiescence. On this phase, concerning which President Hadley had some pointed things to say in "Standards of Public Morality," Mr. Koren might have dwelt at greater length.

The main body of the book is rounded out by a treatment of drink reform in Europe. At the recent wartime legislation against liquor, considered from the standpoint of its permanent effects, Mr. Koren scoffs. It is already being largely disregarded except where enforced by extraordinary measures. But the gist of his volume is contained in the final chapter on essentials of reform, which points out a middle way to communities perplexed between the "drys" and the "wets." Taxes, he advises, should be laid sparingly on beers and light wines, and so heavily on distilled liquors as almost to repress them. Licensing authority should be vested in an impartial body—Mr. Koren names the local judiciary, which, however, is often far from fit. To persons who habitually abuse drink it should be refused, and here Mr. Koren recommends a Swedish system of doubtful practicability in America, whereby no one could buy distilled spirits without presenting credentials. Local option should be maintained on the basis of small community units, frequent votes, and the requirement of at least a two-thirds vote for complete prohibition. Finally, he suggests that local communities try awarding a monopoly of drink-selling to a private company which should take it, not for private gain, but for the public good—another step plainly experimental. It is to be regretted that he did not offer a programme of education against intemperance as well.

A recent addition to the rapidly growing literature covering the various aspects of environmental influences on man's activities has been made by Prof. J. Russell Smith, in his "Commerce and Industry" (Holt; \$1.40), in which the author attempts to explain the ways whereby man's industries are influenced by such factors in his environment as climate, soil, and land forms. The volume is divided into three parts, dealing respectively with the United States, foreign countries, and world commerce. More than half of the book is devoted to a discussion of the various industries of this country, but, it should be noted, these are treated broadly, so as to include their

world aspects, rather than merely American industrial activities. Of foreign countries, Latin America and the Orient come in for a large share of attention, for the reason, as the author puts it, "of our coming trade expansion with those countries." The part on world commerce contains a survey of the laws of trade, and a discussion of the leading trade routes of the world. There are numerous illustrations, maps, and diagrams, and, happily, much of the statistical data has been relegated to an appendix. The book gives one the impression, when brought into comparison with the author's more extensive treatise on "Industrial and Commercial Geography," of being an abridgment of the latter, or, perhaps more accurately, of having been derived from it by being written down for a less advanced reader.

Under the title of "The Art of Living Long" Putnam's have reissued the English version of Luigi Cornaro's three treatises on the sober life, with the letter on the same subject to the Patriarch-elect of Aquileia. This last was written when the author was "at the age of ninety-one" (according to the words of the letter itself; the Preface to the book makes him ninety-five), and is one of the astonishing things of literature. "As I advance in years," he says, "the sounder and heartier I grow, to the amazement of all the world. . . . O, my lord, how melodious my voice has grown! were you to hear me chant my prayers, and that to my lyre, after the example of David, I am certain it would give you good pleasure, my voice is so musical." There is a good deal of repetition in the three treatises in which he describes the method of sobriety by which he recovered his broken health and attained to so hearty an old age, but the little book may be recommended to any reader who is not already familiar with its wise and cheerful pages.

"Mrs. Stopes's Industry" would be a good title for the volume which comes to us under the name of "Shakespeare's Industry" (Macmillan; \$3.25 net). The papers which make up the collection have been published in various periodicals from time to time during the last forty years, and, whereas it is difficult to see how certain items in the volume accord with the title actually chosen, there can be no doubt that they all illustrate convincingly the industry of the author (Mrs. C. C. Stopes). The subjects range from "Shakespeare's Legal Transactions" to a "Study of Lady Macbeth." The reader, however, is not likely to derive much instruction from Mrs. Stopes's interpretation of Shakespeare's plots or characters. The papers that deal with these subjects are commonplace, thin, and prolix, not to mention other points in which they are open to criticism. On the other hand, in questions of fact concerning the great dramatist Mrs. Stopes is always sure of an attentive hearing, and it is to papers of this character in the volume that one may turn with most profit. Even these, however, are of very various purport. For example, the one which deals with the Kenilworth festivities of 1575 is merely a very readable popular article on the affair in question, whereas "Shakespeare, Homager of Rowington," and "Shakespeare of the Court" present the results of researches in unprinted materials concerning certain minute points of the poet's biography. A biographical article of wider scope is "Sir Thomas Lucy Not the Original of Justice Shallow," whose main contention may easily

be granted, without affecting one's conviction that the Stratford magnate was the butt of the jokes in the opening scene of the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Useful is "The Scottish and English Macbeth," in which the writer traces in its main outlines the growth of the legends which the later Scottish chroniclers connected with the name of the eleventh-century King—a man who, according to the lights of an age of universal violence, seems to have served his people well. No more than her predecessors, however, does Mrs. Stopes furnish any proof that Shakespeare ever visited Scotland, and it is strange, too, that no doubts of the authenticity of the Hecate scenes in "Macbeth" appear ever to have entered her mind. On the other hand, she exhibits a misplaced skepticism when, in her "Hamlet" article, she disputes the existence of a pre-Shakespearean play on this theme.

On the whole, the articles of most original value in this collection have, strictly speaking, little or nothing to do with Shakespeare. We refer to those which treat of Renaissance "Books of Fortune" (giving answers on love, matrimony, trade, etc.), in Italian and in English, and to the final group on the "Court of Venus"—an objectionable sixteenth-century song-book, which is no longer extant—and its influence on contemporary writers, especially on Sir Thomas Wyatt, who, as Mrs. Stopes argues, was the chief author of a collection of lyrics, called "The New Court of Venus," now preserved only as a fragment.

"Masoud the Bedouin" is a book of short stories about Bedouins and other Syrians, by Alfreda Post Carhart (Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada). The stories are very simple, and their interest lies not in the plot so much as in the convincing portrayal of men and women who, in our own century, are living under conditions almost as primitive and patriarchal as characterized the days of Mohammed and of Abraham. But the principal charm of the book—at any rate for those who have once heard the East "a-calling"—will lie neither in plot nor in character drawing, but in the vivid local color which one finds in all the stories. The author has spent almost her entire life in Syria, as a missionary, and she has not used her eyes in vain. Those of her readers who have known and loved the East will be grateful to her for bringing them one more glimpse of the Oriental bazaar and the narrow streets of a Moslem town, the camel caravan, the patient donkeys, the sherbet-seller tinkling his brass cups, the potter smoking silently among his jugs and waiting for Allah to send the customers, and the aged merchant "enjoying the soothing bubble of his argileh."

The "Proceedings" of the Wisconsin Historical Society for 1915 (Madison) mechanically is a much more attractive volume than its predecessors. As to both typography and binding it shows marked improvement. The contents, too, are well up to the usual standard. Following the routine reports, first place is given to Dr. Gaillard Hunt's interpretation of the Presidential office, a contribution at once interesting and informing, although undistinguished by any particular depth of thought. As there exists not a little ignorance concerning the scope and significance of the nation's highest official position, Dr. Hunt's lecture—for such it is—will prove profitable. Eugene E. Prussing recites, in a paper entitled "Chicago's First Great Law-

suit," the circumstances attending the trial of a negro named Nash, who claimed his right to liberty. Antedating the Dred Scott decision by forty years, it was a notable case. Miss Leavitt's study of "British Policy on the Canadian Frontier, 1782-1792," and several scraps of local history are well worth while. Of considerable geographical value are the extracts from the journals of James Mackay and John Evans, with comments thereon by John Hay, edited with an introduction and notes by Milo M. Quaife. These extracts recounting the exploration of the upper Missouri River region ten years before Lewis and Clark set out on their memorable journey, were found two or three years ago, together with John Ordway's long-lost journal, among the Biddle papers. In this connection it should be noted that Dr. Quaife has edited Ordway's notebooks, soon to appear as a volume of the Wisconsin Historical Society's "Collections." The publication of this important journal will be an event of moment in the field of Western history; for it not only rounds out the voluminous records of the transcontinental expedition of 1804-1806, but is also a check upon the other narratives.

A recent addition to the Riverside Text-books in Education is "Discipline as a School Problem," by Arthur C. Perry, Jr., a district superintendent of schools in New York city (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25 net). The most obstinate pupil could have no spirit of mischief left in him after going through these pages and seeing what a portentous thing discipline in the hands of a psychologist is. Conversely, the teacher cannot but be vastly encouraged to find that the whole creation may be made to move towards the control of the most troublesome boy in the room. We intend no mockery of this volume. In the layman, at least, particularly in the parent to whom discipline is a matter of quick choice of simple but approved devices, it will inspire a kind of awe. In a word, it is a careful and sound piece of work, which will be valuable to the teacher for the many specific hints and directions scattered through all but the most philosophical parts of it. Its common-sense is sufficiently indicated by one paragraph:

We must, then, guard against accepting any such sweeping dictum as "The teacher should control by love and not by fear." We grant that, to the onlooker, a class working on the impetus of how they love their teacher is somewhat prettier than one impelled by fear of the teacher. But aside from this æsthetic consideration it would seem that the pupils are not much nearer the high ideal of doing right for right's sake in the one case than in the other. In either instance the motive originates from without, and not from within.

Under the title "Cardinal Truths of the Gospel" (Methodist Book Concern; \$1 net), Prof. S. F. Halfyard, of Wesley College, has gathered together, for the benefit primarily of ministers and students, a series of lectures on selected topics of theology, *e. g.*, religion and theology, the gospel as a supernatural plan of salvation, atonement, sin, faith and reason, regeneration, and Christian service. Popular and homiletic in style, the lectures are marked by religious fervor and fine moral insight. But the historic sense of the author is not always trustworthy, if we may judge by his interpretation of New Testament passages or by the statement that Ritichianism "holds that if a doctrine be shown to be rational, it at once ceases to be Christian" (p. 199).

Drama

THE SHAKESPEAREAN CELEBRATIONS IN LONDON—ONE-ACT PLAYS AND OTHER RECENT PRODUCTIONS.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, June 6.

No one, I am sure, will complain if I say very little about the Shakespeare celebrations of the past month. They suffered under two disadvantages: the presence of a great war and the absence of a National Theatre. I am told—for I did not see it—that the performance of "Julius Cæsar" at Drury Lane was very good. If so, it was little less than a miracle, for these "star" performances are apt to be intolerable. In the course of the proceedings, the King conferred the honor of knighthood, in an agreeable, impromptu way, upon Mr. F. R. Benson, who has certainly done more than any one else to keep the flag of Shakespeare flying during the past thirty years. Though himself an actor of very uneven quality (his Richard II, however, is a fine performance), his whole-hearted and inexhaustible enthusiasm has been of very great value, and many of the best actors of this generation have been trained, or have trained themselves, in his company. It is no small merit to have given hundreds of aspirants an opportunity to exercise themselves, night after night and year after year, in speaking the lines of Shakespeare. Incidentally, he has done much to save England from the reproach of being behind Germany in the number of Shakespearean performances given throughout the country. It is generally stated with the utmost confidence that the Germans play Shakespeare more than we do; and it is true that a larger number of Shakespearean plays are given at theatres of the first class—because, among other reasons, the production of classical drama is a bounty-fed industry. But I took some trouble to go into the statistics a few years ago, and I found that, thanks to Sir Frank Benson's company and one or two other travelling organizations, the total number of performances annually given in the United Kingdom was largely ahead of the German total.

For the best, Mr. Martin Harvey has given us a quite interesting little Shakespearean season at His Majesty's. Its most notable feature, perhaps, was the mounting of "Hamlet" and "The Taming of the Shrew" with curtains in place of painted scenery; and I must say the effect in both instances was admirable. That this system will be more and more adopted I have little doubt—it may be called the Gordon-Craig cum William-Poel cum Reinhardt system. Too often, hitherto, it has been associated with more or less disturbing eccentricities; but Mr. Harvey's staging of both plays showed excellent taste. He also produced "Richard III" with scenery of the ordinary type, and gave a very spirited and picturesque rendering of Richard, just sufficiently reminiscent of

Henry Irving to touch a sentimental chord in the breast of the old playgoer. It is exactly twenty years since the revival of "Richard III" at the Lyceum, with which Irving's misfortunes may be said to have begun; for he met with an accident after the first performance which necessitated the withdrawal of the extremely elaborate and costly production. On that occasion Mr. Harvey played Brackenbury.

The original productions of the past six weeks have been unimportant and for the most part unsuccessful. "The Mayor of Troy," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, produced at the Haymarket, was a pleasant piece of work, without sufficient grip in it to attract the great public. As readers of the novel no doubt remember, it deals with a variant of the Rip van Winkle theme. The Mayor and leading magnate of a Cornish seaport is taken prisoner, during the Napoleonic wars, by a French privateer, and is supposed to be drowned. After spending twenty years in a French prison, he returns to find a statue erected to his memory and a hospital built with his money, but to find, too, that his resuscitation is extremely inconvenient to many people and that it would perhaps have been more tactful of him to remain dead. There are dramatic possibilities in this theme and it cannot be said that the author had entirely missed them; but he had over-elaborated details, to the detriment of the main interest. Though the play made a success the first night, one could scarcely wonder that its run was brief.

The "right happy and copious industry" of Mr. H. A. Vachell has, during the past month, added two plays to his already long record. But in "Pen," at the St. James's, his industry was unfortunately more copious than happy. It told the story of a certain Lady Penelope whose ultra-modern, or rather super-eccentric, ideas on marriage lead her to keep four lovers dangling at her heels, while she is in fact secretly married to one of them. Not only is the theme far-fetched to the point of absolute foolishness, but the conduct of the four lovers proved exasperating almost beyond endurance. Each maintained one invariable pose throughout, and they followed each other on and off in single file as though they had been roped together for an Alpine ascent. One of the most elementary maxims of technique warns us that it is dangerous to keep a band of people wandering through a play in such constant sequence that when one appears you may be quite certain that all the others will follow. The monotony of their entrances and exits quickly gets on an audience's nerves; and when they happen to be tedious personages to boot the effect is disastrous.

Mr. Vachell's other production, "Fishpingle," at the Haymarket, stands about midway between "Quinneys" and "Pen." It is a pretty and skilful comedy, extremely sentimental in theme, but bright and humorous in treatment. It is not till the curtain falls that we quite realize that we have been regaled with a penny novelette. Benoni Fish-

plinge is butler and factotum to Sir Geoffrey Pomfret, Bart., the owner of broad, but heavily mortgaged, acres, who plays the benevolent despot to all his dependents and will allow no one to marry on his estate except on strictly eugenic principles. But when it comes to a question of marriage for his own son and heir, his enthusiasm goes by the board. He insists that the boy shall marry an affected, decadent heiress, with a deplorable family history, and forbids him to think of the Radical parson's daughter, a bright, frank, healthy lass, to whom he has given his heart. The young people, however, are strong in the support of Fishplinge, who is rather a friend than a servant in the family and wields an enormous influence. Lady Pomfret, too, is on her son's side, though she is too adroit a politician directly to oppose her husband. At last it comes to a stand-up fight between the baronet and the butler, in which Sir Geoffrey loses his temper and dismisses the faithful retainer from his service. Relenting the next day, he entrusts to Lady Pomfret the mission of bringing Fishplinge to reason and making him apologize. Lady Pomfret sympathizes with Fishplinge and openly takes his part; whereupon Fishplinge, whom we know to be silently devoted to Lady Pomfret, forms a great resolution. He insists on seeing Sir Geoffrey alone and informs him that he, Fishplinge, his henchman from boyhood upward, is in fact his elder half-brother. The story of his birth is too long to relate, but the upshot is that Fishplinge, though illegitimate, feels himself a sort of guardian angel to the Pomfret family—whence his determination that the sound old stock shall not be ruined by a mercenary and entirely dysgenic marriage. Sir Geoffrey surrenders at discretion, Fishplinge ceases to be butler and becomes steward of the estate, and all ends happily.

It says much for Mr. Vachell's scenic adroitness that he could get us to listen with moderate satisfaction to such an old-fashioned sentimentalism. I am haunted by the idea that I have seen this very story before, though I cannot remember where it occurs. As I seem to recollect it, however, the half-brother, the Fishplinge, was not only the elder, but also legitimate, and therefore the real owner of the estates, titles, etc., of his illustrious house, though, for some heroic reason, he preferred to remain in obscurity. It is rather surprising that Mr. Vachell did not go the whole hog, and treat us to this romantic culmination. It would have made the instant capitulation of Sir Geoffrey more plausible than, as a matter of fact, it seemed.

At a war-charity performance organized by Miss Viola Tree (Sir Herbert's daughter) we were introduced to what the programme described as "Three Georgian Plays"—in other words, one-act plays by members of the little band of poets who cluster around the Poetry Book Shop in Devonshire Street. The first was "King Lear's Wife," by Mr. Gordon Bottomley, dealing with a painful scandal in the house of Lear, of which neither Shakespeare nor Holinshed seems to have heard. Lear's queen, Hygd by name, is sick unto death, and is watched by two nurses in

turn. One of these, Gormfaith, is an attractive little minx, who ensnares the affections of King Lear himself. That monarch, with a callousness somewhat surprising even in that uncomfortable age, can think of no more convenient place for carrying on his amour than his dying wife's bedchamber. The Queen, from behind her curtains, sees all that goes on and has just time to put her daughter, Goneril, on the track of the scandal before she expires. Then Goneril, little relishing the prospect of a youthful stepmother, kills Gormfaith. Lear is at first inclined to resent this high-handed interference with his domestic arrangements; but when Goneril proves that his mistress was unfaithful to him, he remarks: "The filth is suitably dead. You are my true daughter."

This grotesque speech is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Bottomley's manner. His play is not without a certain power, and there are passages which show real imagination. But his style, besides being full of exasperating metrical eccentricities, is based upon the radically false notion that, if you want to be dramatic, you must, above all things, be strained, violent, coarse, unnatural. Here are a few lines from a speech of Goneril's to her mother:

Does Regan worship anywhere at dawn?
The sweaty, half-clad cook-maids render lard
Out in the scullery, after pig-killing,
And Regan sidles among their greasy skirts,
Smeary and hot as they, for craps to suck.

Goneril herself is by way of being a virgin huntress, and describes how she speared a brace of hares:

Then, as I took those dead things in my hands,
I felt shame light my face from deep within,
And loathing and contempt shake in my bowels,
That such unclean, coarse blows from me had issued
To crush delicate things to bloody mash.

Such writing as this is bad poetry, bad drama, and bad sense, and it is great pity that young men of undoubted talent should be lured by false theory into these unsavory eccentricities. "King Lear's Wife," by the way, is dedicated "To T. S. M.," the initials of Mr. Sturge Moore.

The second Georgian play was "Hoops," a duologue in name, in effect a monologue, by Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Mr. Gibson's firm, supple, manly style, and his genuine sense of character, came as an immense relief after the neurotic preciosity of his predecessor. But the power of writing a fine monologue is not the same thing as the power of constructing a great drama—witness the works of Robert Browning, *passim*. Many a man could carve a spirited gargoyle who could not build a cathedral.

The third play was "Lithuania," by the lamented Rupert Brooke. As I cast my eyes down the list of characters, my heart sank within me; for I saw that the theme must be that threadbare old horror—the long-lost son returning from foreign parts with a sackful of money, who is murdered

by his avaricious parents before he has had time to disclose his identity. The fact that even so young a man as Rupert Brooke should have been attracted by so crude a theme says little for his real sense of drama. Dramatic it is, of course, in the most obvious and tedious sense of the word. "Tuer un des siens inconnu" is Situation XIX in George Polti's curious little book, "Les 36 Situations Dramatiques"; and Polti cites about thirty plays, ancient and modern, in which it occurs. He points out that Victor Hugo employs it over and over again—Shakespeare, not once. Even the particular legend which Brooke used has been dramatized several times. To any one with a sense for the finer dramatic values, it is about as attractive as a glass of coarse vodka to a connoisseur of wines. There was, however, a certain amount of invention in Brooke's treatment of the theme. By making the father first undertake the murder and then shrink from it, to the scorn of his amiable spouse, he led up to a scene that was practically a transcript from "Macbeth," even down to the knocking at the door. The crime is actually committed by a character of Brooke's own invention—the sister of the murdered man, of whom he makes a rather tragic figure. The fact is, however, that it would be very hard not to produce a certain amount of effect in the treatment of such a ready-made "shocker." The little piece gave no evidence either for or against the theory that in Rupert Brooke we lost a serious dramatic talent.

I gather from the preface to a very interesting book, "The Symphony Play," by Miss Jeannette Lee, that in America "everybody wants to write one-act plays." It is an innocent ambition, which one would be loath to discourage. But if it proceeds on the assumption that the single act is superior to a more developed form, I must beg leave to enter a protest. One of the chief beauties of a great dramatic construction is the rhythm in the progress of the action, marked by the act-divisions. That is one of many reasons why I, for my part, wholly reject the theory that Shakespeare did not think in acts and intended his plays to be rushed through in one non-stop "sprint." The Baptistry in Florence is a very interesting building; but who shall say that it is a greater work of art than the Duomo?

We are much indebted to the Stage Society for an opportunity of seeing Congreve's "Double-Dealer." With heroic fortitude, the actors presented it wholly unbowdlerized, which was, no doubt, the right thing to do for once in a way. The performance fully explained both the initial failure of the comedy and its subsequent moderate popularity. It failed because it was a very bad play: an attempt by a dramatist of no constructive gift to handle a ridiculously over-complex plot. The audience of 1694 no doubt laughed outright, as did the audience of 1916, at the preposterous intricacies of Maskwell's villainy. But if you take the action of the play for granted and do not worry over its absurdities, there is

no doubt that the characters are interesting, the caricatures entertaining, and the writing admirable. The history of "The Double Dealer" affords one proof among many that even an essentially bad play may take a long lease of life if its author's reputation, or some other fortuitous circumstance, enables it to survive its first-night disaster.

"PASSING SHOW OF 1916."

Though in no way striking in its book, lyrics, or music, the spectacle at the Winter Garden has probably enough entertaining features to satisfy the not very exacting audiences of the summer season. The place of Al Jolson as comedian and presenter is feebly taken by Ed. Wynne, and this in itself keeps the performance from holding well together. He is the principal, however, in a fairly amusing garage scene, in which the works of an alarm-clock are found to be ample to propel a car of a certain well-known make. Though not respectful, the impersonation of Wilson, Hughes, and Roosevelt in a scene in which Hughes smiles and smiles but utters not a word is a clever skit. Not to let the Shakespearean tercentenary pass unnoticed, the managers have a parody on the pound of flesh episode in which it is decided that, as there was no stipulation as to whether the flesh should be light or dark, it may be cut from an obliging negro. This negro and another, played by John Swor and Charles Mack, earlier in the show engage in a dialogue which is quite the most diverting number on the programme. As a spectacle the cavalry charge on the Mexican border is most remarkable. An attractive chorus and some very agile eccentric dances deserve passing mention. F.

Edwin Arlington Robinson may go far as a dramatist. There were distinctive qualities of an uncommon kind in his "Van Zorn," which are again manifest in his later tragicomic comedy, "The Porcupine" (Macmillan; \$1.25 net). He writes admirable dialogue, and his characters have strong and consistent individuality. Moreover, he has freshness of invention, and knows how to unfold an interesting story in dramatic form. But he has a somewhat unfortunate tendency, it appears, to dabble in mystical, obscure, or abnormal motives. In "The Porcupine," which is not very happily named, he seems to suggest, though not definitely, physiological conditions which are, to say the least, questionable. Either that, or he has unintentionally, by inaccuracy in specified dates, left in doubt the actual paternity of a child—a vital point in his plot—and thereby caused unnecessary mystification. Briefly, Larry Scammon, after a quarrel with his stepfather, runs away from home, deserting Rachel, an orphan, of whom he was the lover. A year later, as she says, Rachel marries, in sheer misery and desperation, Rollo Brewster—Larry's half-brother, who had also been her suitor. Then a child is born, of which Rollo unhesitatingly believes himself to be the father. Ten years afterward, Larry, now rich, but still a bachelor, unexpectedly returns home, having heard that Rollo was neglecting his wife for another woman. He undertakes to play the part of *deus ex machina* in a household distracted by unlucky marriages. He gets rid of Rollo's temptress, one of the ill-assorted yoke-fellows, very easily, and thus opens a

road to happiness for one set of lovers; but, when he tries to reconcile Rollo and Rachel, he is amazed to discover that the latter's melancholy is due solely to her unquenchable passion for himself, a passion that makes the bare presence of her husband almost intolerable. The possibility that the child, who has exhibited a notable affection for him, might be his own, had never, apparently, occurred to him. Rising to the situation, with a renewal of the old and forgotten affection, he proposes to cut the tangle by carrying Rachel and the boy off with him to the West and leaving Rollo to his own resources; but at this point Rachel, broken past recovery, swallows poison and dies—and the curtain, for obvious reasons, falls. This is a depressing and, in many respects, an unlikely story, which could scarcely hope for success in the theatre; but it is told with uncommon cleverness and plausibility—with the exceptions noted—and without the least meretricious emotional exaggeration. The weakness lies in the scheme, not in the execution. J. R. T.

Art

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Leonardo da Vinci, the Artist and the Man.

By Osvald Sirén. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$6 net.

The Yale University Press has done well to employ the income of the Scheffel Foundation in making Dr. Sirén's life of Leonardo accessible to English readers. Those who have used the too-little-known Swedish original will be the best advocates of this revision. Dr. Sirén has the historic sense which distinguished Müntz, so far the most popular biographer of Leonardo, and much firmer critical grasp. In philosophic and discursive criticism he has not the penetration of a Gabriel Séailles. In fact, he sets himself a quite different task.

What he does more successfully than any previous writer on Leonardo is to suggest his artistic surroundings. In discussing the few great paintings, Dr. Sirén always asks the questions, What paintings on similar themes would the ardent young genius have seen? and What use would he have made of these observations? Such chapters as those on the Epiphany and the Last Supper are models of clarity and good sense.

In general, Dr. Sirén's criticism is conservative. He accepts Vasari's tradition that Leonardo painted on Verrocchio's Baptism, and he draws the proper inference that the Annunciation, in the Uffizi, the Bénéols Madonna, in the Hermitage, and other minor works of Quattrocento type represent Leonardo's early phase. This view has been rejected by such critics as Berenson, Gronau, Horne, and Jens Thys, but it seems to us, since the discovery of the Bénéols Madonna and its preliminary sketches, the only reasonable view. Any other opinion assumes a quite improbable sterility in the early years, and presupposes mastery without pupillage, or else implies a wholesale loss of early works. In Leonardo's later years

there is less ground for difference of opinion. Unhappily, Beltrami's discovery of the documents proving that the London Madonna of the rocks was paid for in 1507 was made too late to be used in this book. In view of this document, we think Dr. Sirén would now admit the generally autographic character of the London picture. The usual ascription to Ambrogio Preda, as a copy of the Louvre version, has been too readily entertained. Preda was at no time capable of work of this quality. In passing, the new documents incidentally strengthen Salomon Reinach's theory that the Madonna of the Rocks, in the Louvre, may have been painted before Leonardo left Florence in 1481, and may be the picture which he is said to have painted for the Emperor. Leonardo would evidently have been more likely to repeat a composition the first version of which was unknown in Italy. The fact that the London Madonna of the Rocks is a repetition accounts for that somewhat relaxed technique which has unduly troubled the critics. It is, for that matter, precisely the technique of the Madonna with St. Ann, in the Louvre, which, again, and unnecessarily, has been regarded as largely the work of some assistant.

This version of Dr. Sirén's book is by no means a literal translation. There is some abridgment, regrettably in the case of the bibliography, and considerable alteration. Among the more interesting additions is Dr. Sirén's tentative attribution of the charming terra-cotta Madonna at South Kensington, there ascribed to A. Rossellino, to Leonardo. Claude Philips had already suggested this promotion of a charming work. We cannot concur in the view, finding the little statue far too nervously saccharine for Leonardo at any time.

In literary quality the book has gained pungency through the collaboration of that accomplished but too little productive critic, William Rankin. It would be a most instructive exercise in higher textual criticism to disengage with certainty the flashes of Rankin in the sober and measured fabric to which professional translation has reduced Sirén. But the rather exceptional way of making the English version is justified by its results. At best, we are generally reduced to translations, whether Müntz or Gronau, and this is by all means the most readable of the larger works in English.

In all ways the book makes a strong appeal to all readers of gentle tastes. It is attractively made, in largest octavo, buckram bound, and has abundant illustrations, many in collotype or similar superior process. It does not profess to unravel the mystery of Leonardo, perhaps wisely, but it sets the painter quite vividly in his surroundings. For advanced students the book is a boon. By supplementing it with Berenson's chapter in "Drawings by the Florentine Painters," and with Séailles's classic monograph, for general criticism, the teacher would have just the pabulum which a serious student requires.

Finance

FINANCIAL MARKETS AND MEXICO.

The decline which occurred on the Stock Exchange, in response to the new and critical developments in our relations with Mexico, was what should have been expected. Perhaps it might be said that a considerably more extensive and violent reaction would have caused no great surprise; for after all, war is war, and the uncertainties which traditionally surround it are greater than those created by any other possible event. One question of some perplexity which arises is, whether the present situation had been anticipated and "discounted" all along by the Stock Exchange, or, on the other hand, whether the decline in prices had been restrained, even last week, by the belief that somehow, after all, the final step will be avoided.

There would certainly be some truth in either assumption. But it can scarcely be doubted that, however much the spirit of incredulity may have governed financial views of possible hostilities, there has all along been a feeling that a breach with Mexico would not bring up the formidable possibilities which war with any other country would have created, or which even a Mexican war might have created at another time. The drawing of the United States into war, had it happened, say, in 1913 or early in 1914, might easily have been followed by recall of European capital from our markets; with the familiar and unpleasant results on our finances. This could hardly happen under present circumstances; the reasons for leaving foreign capital in the American markets for safekeeping are as strong while the European war continues as they were when that war began.

Every man of experience recognizes, however, that the central consideration in the matter is the powerful economic and financial position occupied at the moment by the United States. Occupying a similar, though far less strong, position, when the Spanish War broke out—a war whose ulterior international possibilities were grave—the country passed through that conflict without a tremor in its financial or industrial structure. But this does not mean that a state of war, even with Mexico, is rightly to be regarded with indifference. Politically, such an outcome would be a calamity, for quite other reasons than imagined foreign complications. Financially, it will at least be an awkward hindrance. In the view even of Wall Street the conflict would be regarded with irritation and dislike, and Wall Street, like the rest of the country, had pinned its hopes to the possibility that even now a formal declaration of hostilities might be averted.

The action of the stock market, on last week's indications of war with Mexico, caused much inquiry as to how it has acted on other similar occasions. The nearest and probably closest precedent is the war with

Spain. In January, 1898, the warship *Maine* was sent to Cuba. In February, a purloined letter of the Spanish Ambassador was published, imputing bad faith to the President of the United States, and one week later the *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor. In March, Spain insisted that our Consul-General at Havana be recalled, and Congress appropriated \$50,000,000 to be used "in the discretion of the President" for "strengthening the national defences." On April 20 Congress declared war.

What did the Stock Exchange do, in this somewhat prolonged period of war discussion? It wavered on the publication of De Lome's letter, broke 10 points or more on the news of the *Maine*, declined violently during the controversies of March, and yielded under "bear attacks" in the early part of April. War was declared; the stock market merely stood still next day and did nothing. Another week or two, and a general, and in many stocks violent, recovery ensued, which went 5 or 10 points further on the first news of naval victory.

The Stock Exchange did not tell the whole financial story of the war. Wall Street call money rates rose from 1½ per cent. in January to 4 next month and to 5 in March. But the result was the importation of \$30,000,000 gold from abroad in March and \$32,000,000 in April. The New York banks increased their reserves and reduced their loans, and their surplus rose from \$21,000,000 at the opening of March to \$43,500,000 in the week when war was declared. United States 4 per cents declined from 129¼ in January to 117¼ in April; but by May they had recovered to 123¼, in June were quoted at 125, and in December sold for 129¼. When the Treasury offered its \$200,000,000 3 per cent. war loan, it was subscribed seven times over, and went to a premium of 6 per cent. before the war ended.

It is in point, as an interesting parallel, to recall that 1898 was another year when our export trade and "excess of exports" had reached unprecedented proportions. The export surplus of \$514,000,000 for the ten months ending with April, 1898, compares with one of \$1,678,000,000 for the similar period ending with April, 1916.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

- Dupont, M. *In the Field*. Lippincott. \$1 net.
 Foster, J. *The Bright Eyes of Danger*. Lippincott.
 Philippotta, E. *The Human Boy and the War*. Macmillan. \$1.25.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Brooks, A. M. *Dante: How to Know Him*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25 net.
 Crawford, M. MacD. *Peeps into the Psychic World*. Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
 DeVries, T. *Holland's Influence on English Language and Literature*. Chicago: C. Grentzsch. \$2.50 net.
 Dewey, J. *Essays in Experimental Logic*. University of Chicago Press. \$1.75 net.
 Groat, G. G. *An Introduction to the Study of Organized Labor in America*. Macmillan. \$1.75 net.
 Hind, C. L. *The Soldier Boy*. Putnam. 75 cents net.

Laird & Lee's Webster's New Standard American Dictionary. Encyclopedic and Student's Common School Editions. Edited by E. T. Roe.

Towne, E. T. *Social Problems*. Macmillan. \$1 net.
 Woodberry, G. E. *Shakespeare: An Address*. Privately printed.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Smith, W. S. *How One Church Went Through a War*. Boston: Badger. \$1 net.
 Smith, W. S. *Sermon Reading*. Boston: Badger. \$1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Adams, A. B. *Marketing Perishable Farm Products*. Longmans, Green.
 Chin Chu. *The Tariff Problem in China*. Longmans, Green.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Buckle, G. E. *The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, 1855-1868*. Macmillan. \$3 net.
 Coleman, F. *From Mons to Ypres*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50 net.
 Le Goffic, C. *The Epic of Dixmude*. Lippincott. \$1 net.
 Livingston, St. C., and Steen-Hansen, I. *Under Three Flags*. Macmillan. \$1 net.
 Reilly, H. J. *Why Preparedness?* Chicago: Daughaday & Co. \$2 net.
The Memoirs of a Physician. From the Russian of Vikenty Veressayev. Edited by H. Pleasants, Jr. A. A. Knopf. \$1.50 net.
 Warnod, A. *Prisoner of War*. Lippincott. \$1 net.
 Wellman, W. *The German Republic*. Dutton. \$1 net.
With My Regiment. By Platoon Commander. Lippincott. \$1 net.

POETRY.

Barker, E. *Songs of a Vagrom Angel*. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1 net.
 Buck, M. S. *Ephemeris*. Philadelphia: N. L. Brown.
 Childe, W. R. *The Escaped Princess*. Oxford: Blackwell.
 Duff, E. L. *Bohemian Glass*. Oxford: Blackwell.
 Earp, T. W. *Contracts*. Oxford: Blackwell.
 Münsterberg, M. *A Harvest of German Verse*. Appleton. \$1.25 net.
 Rendall, E. *Thursday's Child*. Oxford: Blackwell.
 Smith, L. W. *Ships in Port*. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
 Sturtevant, E. F. *Songs of a Golden Age*. Boston: Badger. \$1 net.
 Viereck, G. S. *Songs of Armageddon and Other Poems*. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Sherman, S. *The Pipes o' Pan*. Boston: Badger. \$1 net.

ART.

The Architecture and the Gardens of the San Diego Exposition. Introduction by B. G. Goodhue. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. \$2 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Herbert, S. *Modern Europe, 1789-1914*. Macmillan. \$1 net.
 Hunt, B. *A Community Arithmetic*. American Book Co.
 Jeffery, J. A. *Textbook of Land Drainage*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 McBrien, J. L. *America First*. American Book Co.
 Pearson, H. C., and Kirchwey, M. F. *Essentials of English*. First and Second Books. American Book Co.
 Potter, F. S. *Common School Spelling Book*. Laird & Lee.
 Skinner, E. L. and A. M. *Merry Tales*. American Book Co.
 Skinner, E. L. *Tales and Plays of Robin Hood*. American Book Co.
 Stanley, A. A. *Animal Folk Tales*. American Book Co.
The Children's First, Second, and Third Books of Poetry. Selected by E. K. Baker. American Book Co.
 Thorp, F. H. *Outlines of Industrial Chemistry*. Macmillan. \$3.25 net.
 Voorhees, E. R. *Fertilizers*. Revised and enlarged edition. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.

LATEST NOTABLE TEXTBOOKS

Smith's Commerce and Industry

By J. RUSSELL SMITH, University of Pennsylvania.
554 pp. 12mo. \$1.40.

Altho this commercial geography textbook did not appear until after the middle of January it was introduced at once in a number of representative schools and colleges. The Department of Geography of the University of Wisconsin ordered it for a large class. It was also introduced in the high schools of Ann Arbor, Mich., Albion, N. Y., Springfield and Streator, Ill., Ames, Ia., Mankato, Minn., Huron, S. D., West Springfield, Mass., Barre, Vt., the High School of Commerce, New York City, and in the Teachers' Training School of Buffalo, N. Y., among others.

Rietz, Crathorne and Taylor's School Algebra

By H. L. RIETZ and A. R. CRATHORNE, University of Illinois, and E. H. TAYLOR, Eastern Illinois State Normal School. (*American Mathematical Series.*) First Course, xiii+271 pp. 12mo. \$1.00. Second Course. x+235 pp. 12mo. 75 cents.

ELMER CASE, *High School, Brookline, Mass.*: As a drill book in the processes of Algebra and in the explanation of those processes it is excellent, and was very evidently prepared by men who know just what points to emphasize in training a boy to meet the requirements for entrance to college. Using this book as a text, any class should be well grounded in the fundamentals of the subject.

Young and Schwartz's Plane Geometry

By J. W. YOUNG, Dartmouth College, and A. J. SCHWARTZ, Grover Cleveland High School, St. Louis. (*American Mathematical Series.*) x+223 pp. 12mo. 85 cents.

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Pancoast's English Prose and Verse: From Beowulf to Stevenson

By HENRY S. PANCOAST. 816 pp. 8vo. \$1.75.

F. N. PATTEE, *State College, Pa.*: This is one of the best collections I know of English masterpieces, covering the whole area of English literature. I am delighted with it, and shall use it at the first opportunity I have. It is a discovery.

READY THIS SUMMER

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Barber's First Course in General Science

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Finney and Brown's Commercial Arithmetic

By H. A. FINNEY, of the Walton School of Commerce, Chicago, and J. C. BROWN, of the Department of Education, University of Illinois.

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By E. D. FITE, Vassar College.

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